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THE FAR AWAY.

BY E. H.

Oh, white is the sail in the far away,
And foul the sail at the dock;
And fair are the cliffs across the bay,
And black is the near-by rock.
Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar,
At our feet it is only white;
And bright is the gleam of the distant star,
Though a lamp is twice as bright.

The rose that nods beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours;
Of thought that turns our tongue to speech
Our fellows have greater dowers.
The waters that flow from the hidden springs
Are sweeter than those by our side.
So we strive through life for the distant things
And never are satisfied.

So we strive through life for these distant things,
But ever they hold their place,
Till beats Life's drum, and Death doth come,
And we look in his mocking face.
And the distant things crowd near and close,
And, faith, they are dingy and gray!
But the charm is won when the line is crossed
'Twixt Here and the Far Away.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY V.

HER heart lifted with a sense of the joy of life, as the first notes of "John Peel" sounded through the ballroom.

"Come," he said, simply, raising his arm to her waist, as she stood beside him.

How the wild music, and the old memories, and the present well-nigh intolerable excitement, strove together in her bursting heart! The musicians broke out into the lilting words:

"D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?"

It was taken up by the dancers—wildly, musically, as they came thundering down the ballroom floor on feet of springing steel. Only a tone of voice, a word, a look, was needed to make it perfect. It came.

He glanced down at her curiously. His odd, muffled laugh smote upon her straining ears. She knew that laugh well. It was as inscrutable as his eyes. "Peewit," he said, "do you care for me?"

"What do you think?"

"I believe you do," he answered slowly.

"I wonder why?"

"I don't know. I used to hate you."

"Altogether?"

"Yes, I think so. Your conceit, your indifference, your airs of superiority——"

"Oh, well, if that is what you think of me——" somewhat nettled.

"I said 'used,' Aubrey," the girl answered appealingly.

He looked down at her again. "You are a strange being. But I really believe you do like me—now. I wonder why?" he repeated again. He noticed the shine of tears in her eyes, and the untranslatable look deepened in his own. Then quite suddenly, the music of the voices, of the lights, of the dancing feet—the strong passion of such natures—got into the boy's voice and eyes. "Peewit," he cried, "don't be unhappy! It's all right; I love you—love you. Do you hear? and the six months can't make any difference."

Nevertheless, into the last words there crept an alien note. A minute after he went on: "But, let us suppose—just for fun—that I did change; what then? Should you, like the 'new woman,' break into a storm of reproaches, and flourish your 'rights' and your 'wrongs' in my face?" He spoke jestingly, but the speculative look had come back to his eyes as he watched her.

"What should I do? Break my heart in secret, I suppose—fade out of your life, I hope. But I should certainly not flourish my rights or my wrongs in anyone's face. Don't you know the only 'right' that belongs to any woman is the right to suffer? It is not new; it is as old as the hills, as old as love itself. Men never seem to understand that we would rather be made to suffer by the man we love, than to rejoice by one to whom we are indifferent.

"When a woman loves a man, her first thought and desire, is to give herself entirely to him. Her daily prayer, to be allowed to sacrifice herself in some way for him." Her voice fell silent, and he said nothing, still looking at her curiously. Perhaps, as she said, he could not understand.

And then, into that silence broke the last notes of the evening, and the dancing was over.

Ten minutes later, Aubrey stood on the wet sands, his face turned towards the sea, into which he would plunge next minute.

He was just at that curious age, boy-[illegible] always something so pathetic clinging to it. He had sped quickly over the rough, bent grass and sand-dunes, down to this quiet spot, where no sound disturbed the broad and lonely stillness; out of the heat and noise, away from the thousand human emotions that had stirred his pulses in the ballroom, while the maddening waltz-strains thrilled through his veins, into the divine beauty of the June morning, almost before the quivering stars had faded from the sky.

Silent, absorbed in his own thoughts, something shone straight from the heart of the innocent dawn, over the waves in the east into his face. Even as he stood watching, the light broadened, and the sun rose over the shining edge of the far-off sea-line.

It grew and strengthened, flashing its bright rays across the waste of waters into the human eyes turned towards it from the shining sands. The purity of the new day smote, with a sense of contrast that was almost an audible cry of pain, on the strange, dark beauty of his young face, on the brown hair, thick like the fur of some wild animal, on the clear, brown skin, beneath which the racing blood showed redly.

But eyes were what arrested one's attention. The thick eyebrows meeting above the bridge of the nose, and forming an unbroken line to their tapering outer edges, gave to their already extraordinary darkness a yet deeper shadow; the heavy fringe of lashes helping the curious expression one received of something mysterious—even disastrous—impending; so sombre, so dark and unboy-like were they.

All the romance one has read of wild passion, uncontrollable impulses, love, hatred, revenge, martyrdom; of cruelty incredible, or of love unutterable came crowding into one's mind. Deep, inscrutable eyes, though very quiet now. But someday—somehow—the restless, inarticulate spirit, looking so wistful out of their depths, at this moment, would find its voice, and then——such a face never yet wore its way through life without trouble.

A look of restraint, of repression was there; of something shrewd, determined and selfish, and yet, withal, of an extraordinary melancholy—so profound, that nothing could dissipate it for long. A face of magnificent possibilities, wonderful strength; a face for which a woman would sell her soul if she loved it. And this was the man Peewit tried to deceive her own heart about.

What were his thoughts of her as he stood upright, fronting the dawn as he fronted life? Was the smile, now curving his masterful lips, one of disdain for a love which, though it had been sought, apparently so far outweighed his own? Was it of tenderness and regret for the pain that might be hers yet—Peewit's? Or merely the outcome of the happy conscious power of youth? Such are idle questionings. For who may guess what is hid in the deep heart of his brother?

* * * * * *

The next day Peewit left, taking with her the memory of that ball—of Aubrey's eyes and voice, when he had told her at the last that he loved her, and before the look of speculative wonder, the note of distrust, had returned at the end—together with the one photograph of him that she possessed, to her companions through the long six months of silence and absence that he, in his curious far-sightedness, had imposed upon himself and her.

And each time that her eyes rested on the pictured representation of the one being she loved on earth, her heart expanded, and tears blurred her vision of [illegible] the suggestion of critical laughter lurking at the corners of the beautiful mouth. She seldom thought what was to be the end of it all—she loved him so deeply, that the mere fact of her own emotions was enough for the present.

Then one day there came a letter. She had been traveling for hours and was very tired. Weariness of the flesh had opened the door to a hunger of the soul; and how much she had been pining for some sign from Aubrey, she hardly dared admit to herself.

She would not read it till she was alone, and with the commotion of arrival, it was well on into the small hours before, at last, her friends left her, and she had the opportunity she sought. Even then, for long the letter lay unopened on her lap, she could afford to wait and think and dream—now. It was the only one she was likely to get, so let her make the most of it. Perhaps, also, there was a faint undertone of apprehension as to what its contents might disclose. When at last she summoned up courage to open it, she read:

"MY DARLING:—

"Don't blame me," her cheek blanched, her heart beat wildly. "I must write just one short letter to my sweet Peewit. I never thought about it being so hard—this silence, I mean. I long for you every hour of the day. Oh, that the six months were past, and your next visit here were due again. Dear, answer this, and tell me that you are not unhappy; and sometimes think of me, but not too often. I don't want more, and I won't write again. I wonder what you are doing now at this moment, while you are reading this? Dear, don't care for me too much, I am not worth it, and I do not want you to.

"Your loving
"AUBREY."

The sound of four vibrating strokes came up through the sleeping house from the hall. The house was still and silent, and dark as the grave. Was it light outside yet? Hardly knowing what she did, she opened the shutters and flung up the window, and the dim glory of a May morning, with all its sights and sounds, rushed in.

And as she looked, the sky, with its fleecy clouds, momentarily took on a deeper tinge of pink—flame-color a few minutes later. The call of the cock-pheasant, the cooing of the stock-dove, the wild triumph of the thrush's song flooded the dim, mysterious spaces and shadows of the dewy earth, and swept in waves over the golden meadows. Down the wood walks the shadows lay heavy and still—life had not waked there as yet.

In front of the house she noted the dark hoof-prints of horses' feet on the pale gravel, lessening away into far perspective down the drive. That air of mystery inseparable from early dawn pervaded the moist, hushed land. Only the birds and the winds were awake, with their jubilant gurgling songs, their sighing softness of breathings.

The inborn instinct of worship to an unseen Creator, of passionate gratitude—gratitude to Him who had made so beautiful a world and filled it with so marvelous a thing as love, was strong in the girl's heart as she sat—scarcely breathing—by the open window.

It has been well said that "a great love is a great holiness."

Up through the pure brightness of the fresh sunrise—hardly less pure in thought herself—from the girl's deepest consciousness there winged its way, a prayer and a thanksgiving to the White Throne of God. But of the thoughts which overflowed her heart, who shall speak?

They could hardly have been "cribbed, cabined and confined," in set words, for their colors were as ethereal and iridescent as the lights in the dewdrop which hangs from the nodding grass.

And then Peewit made a great and irreparable mistake; but there was none to tell her so. She had been lonely all her life, and was as lonely in his love now, as afterwards she was in other things.

She took a sheet of paper and wrote—or tried to write—some of these intangible thoughts for Aubrey's eyes. She tried to tell the man she loved of the height and depth of that love; and you, knowing the world, are aware that she had better have cut her own throat, for you will probably have read that "No man should be loved too well (or told of it, shall we say?) It wearies him, and makes him too sure."

"Your letter has been to me like the dew in a parched wilderness. I feel now as though I could not have lived through another day without some sign from you, though, of course, one can live through anything if one must.

"There is a creeper on the wall, this side the house, a Wisteria, and some of its long silky leaves are between me and the sun. That is like my heart since your love has come to it. It is irradiated through and through with light. I can hardly believe it to be the same thing as it was before the sun rose. You ask me what I am doing while I read your letter. I am thinking, dreaming of you. Your love to me is the mystery lurking in the wood walks out there. It is in the voice of the stock-dove, in the wild song the thrush is pouring forth outside my window. It is in the golden glory of the king-cups in the meadows below. It is light, and life, and God. Everything that is beautiful, everything that is true and holy is you. Aubrey, you tell me not to love you too much. It is too late to say that now."

That was in May. It was the winter before they met again.

One cold afternoon, soon after her arrival, he came to call. The conversation was general; she sat rather silent, shivering now and then. By-and-bye their hostess rose, saying:

"I promised to go to tea with the A's. I shan't be long so I hope I may find you when I return:" then turning to the girl, she added, "Mind you give him

some tea. Ah! here it comes. Good-bye."

And so the first awkwardness of meeting was over. The door closed at last behind the footman, and they were alone. The girl's heart beat like a sledge hammer in her brain as she continued the trivialities of conversation.

Would he say anything now that the chance had presented itself so naturally? For some minutes it seemed that he would not, and afterwards she could not remember one word of that conversation; but at last it came to an end by his saying:

"Well; I suppose I must soon be going. Come and sit over by the fire; I can't talk to you so comfortably while you are so far away." He was sitting on the arm of a deep chair drawn up on the bear-skin rug.

Shyly she rose and went over to him, glancing for a moment into his deep, strange eyes. A smile crept to his lips. Gently he pushed her into a seat beside him.

And then the glamor of his presence possessed her, making her forget how time was traveling apace and bringing with it the critical moment of her destiny.

Years afterwards, when she lay dying, there sounded again in her ears the same weird, melancholy street cry, which, coming up the street from a distance, fell loud through the silence of the room, and died off into silence once more as the feeble footsteps halted their shuffling gait down the empty street.

"Have you missed me, Peewit, these long months since we met?"

"Yes, Aubrey."

His arm went round her slight form, and he drew her head down on his rough-coated shoulder. She sighed deeply.

"Have you thought me a great brute, Peewit, all these months?"

"No."

"What could I do to make you hate me?" His lips were touching the soft hair on her forehead.

"Nothing."

There was no passion in his eyes, only the old look of speculation. But she could not see this, for her head rested against his shoulder, and only the white passion of despair lay under her drooped lids.

"Because, dear, I want to avoid doing it."

She sat up quickly.

"Aubrey, I must speak. How long, oh, how long is it to go on? It is cruel! You men never dream what you make us suffer in our forced silence, while you are just amusing yourselves. I cannot bear it much longer. Tell me it is all over, and have done with it. It will be harder later." She trembled violently. His smile deepened.

"I will not tell you it is all over. Why should I, when it is not. You care for me; and I—do I not care for you?" But still his deep voice had more of question than assertion in it.

"Sometimes I think you never have—never will. You feel too sure of me. It has all come about so gradually, that I hardly knew I had got into such deep waters, or I ought never to have acquiesced in the arrangement; but the strange part is, that I do not despise myself for it. You play with me as a cat plays with a mouse. You will never love anyone unless she is unattainable."

His eyes kindled, as she shrank away from him. He caught her roughly in his arms.

"Peewit, give me a kiss. I could make you if I liked, but I want you to do it of your own free will." Seeing that she struggled feebly in his strong arms: "No? Why? Don't you care for me after all?"

"You know that I do. But please don't laugh. I can't bear to it—if you are only playing. To me there is something, well, sacred," growing suddenly scarlet, as she spoke of her inmost feelings, "there is something sacred about it to me, and I could not bear to let you kiss me—if it is only just for fun. I know I am old-fashioned about these things—you will call me prudish perhaps."

"My darling," he cried passionately, at last, "I love you for your scruples. I did begin in fun. I don't know what it is, but something in your little white face and frightened manner always gives me a desire I find it hard to resist, to play upon your feelings. But never forget, I have told you from the first that it was not a polished society man you loved."

There was almost a tone of remorse in his serious voice. He went on tenderly, "Never mind, I won't force you, but I think you might—just once." His deep, beautiful eyes were looking down into her face, small and scared, and he still held her in his arms.

"I will, Aubrey. You make me do anything when you look like that, ask like that."

They were standing up on the hearth-rug now; her arm slid quickly round his neck. With a stifled sigh from her, their lips met.

The next moment the door shut with a sharp sound behind him. She was alone. She fell on her knees by the chair in a sudden storm of tears, burying her face in her arms, oblivious of the possible interruption of strangers.

* * * * * *

Other meetings came and went during that bitter cold winter. Sometimes leaving the girl divinely happy, but more often with the feeling that it would be a small thing to lay down her life, while blenching at the knowledge that it had to be lived through to the very end.

How could she, the woman, ask what his varied moods—now gentler than his best, now colder than the ice—betokened? Or how long the torturing uncertainty should last? Each day found her weaker and less able to take the situation into her own hands and deal a violent death to all her hopes.

And so the days and the weeks flew by in fitful unrest, and the last day of her long visit dawned. There had been skating for sometime past, and to-day everyone had repaired to the ice.

For the first hour she skated by herself, then Aubrey found her out, and bore her away with steady, swinging steps, to a distant quiet spot, where skaters were few, because the ice was indifferent.

The scarlet sun was setting in a red glory over a white world, and the glow of it was on his vivid beauty. The delicate tracery of the trees showed up sharp and distinct against the cold, clear sky. He clasped her small hands close, as he bent to her fur-encircled face, white and fragile-looking.

"Steady! You are getting tired?"

"No," she smiled up at him. "I never feel tired when you hold me like that. You are so strong."

"This is our last day together, Peewit. I know, I know—don't let us talk of it, but be nice to me, as nice as you can."

"How can I? What would you have?" trembling all over.

"I would have your little hands in mine—like this; I would have your dear eyes smiling and happy. Don't let us spoil our last day together by any words. See, I have a letter for you, but you shall not read it until after I have bidden you good-bye, which must be before long, I fear, as I have a busy night before me." Freeing one hand, he took an envelope from the breast pocket of his Norfolk jacket, which she, still trembling, hid in her muff.

Cowardice and modesty tied her tongue. Surely, surely her fate was propitious, or he would never speak and look like that, up to the very last hour they were together.

So, gathering courage, she talked happily to him as he desired, and time sped away; and the wind sighed among the sedges.

And then the last moment arrived. With eyes suffused with tears of an inexplicable and overmastering emotion, she gazed up at the darkening sky, whence the sun had slowly faded.

Face to face they stood in the waning evening light. The ring of steel on the ice from the skaters afar off sounded weirdly monotonous through the winter gloaming. Now and again a snow-laden twig snapped and fell on the ice at the edge, with a light thud.

"Good-bye, Peewit. Don't be unhappy any more."

She laughed out. Did she look unhappy?

With a sudden movement he seized her hand, pressed it ardently to his lips. A dark shadow fell over his always veiled and mysterious eyes. His stern young face softened incredibly; his lips moved. What was he about to say?

"Give me back," he began—stopped—smiling oddly, the while. Then he looked deep in her eyes, and said again, for the last time, "Forgive me all I ever did to make you unhappy, my Peewit, and—good-bye," raising his tweed cap; and without one backward glance at the forlorn little figure among the reeds, and with the last fading light of the sun on his brilliant youthful beauty, he swung round on his heel, and was out of sight in a minute, or at most, a speck on the black ice.

Peewit watched it till it faded into the indistinguishable mass of figures at the edge of the lake. Then, with a tremulous breath, she stood, shivering a moment, before, breaking the red seal on the envelope Aubrey had given her.

And as she read, the sky paled, the wind rushed eerily through the brown dry reeds beside her, and one bright star quivered like a tear in the dark heavens above her.

The steely crescent of the young moon shown whitely over the motionless snow-fields, and the hum of the skaters waxed fainter than death.

"Call me all the names under the sun that are bad. I deserve it all. We may never meet again, perhaps; but if we do, your small, pathetic face will move me again to try my power over you. Even if I loved you, as I suppose men love the women they wish to marry, you could not keep my love.

"Therefore, it is best not to let you risk the whole happiness of your life in my ungentle hands. Do I love you? Yes; I believe I do, in my way. But my way is not your way, and you could never understand it or me. I think it is not in me to be faithful to any woman, and certainly I should not be to one so gentle and good as you.

"Jealousy, I believe, would be the only power that would keep me faithful, and that is not a power you would ever be likely to wield over me. There is something wild and lawless in my blood and in every fibre of my being; something or somebody may one day tame it.

"At present, I am no fit lord for one of your tender nature. I should break you on the wheel every hour of my life if I did you the great wrong of marrying you, and you would submit, looking at me ever, with 'those same pathetic, haunting eyes of thine.'

"Forgive me—or no! I cannot quite bring myself yet to ask that of you. But think of me seldom, only when you hear your namesakes calling to each other over the wolds and the moorlands wild; let their mournful plaint speak for me—plead for me—for my forgiveness.

"Keep a secret corner of your heart always for your so worthless Aubrey, and remember that you were his first love, even if you were not strong enough to hold him and to keep him true to it."

A very low, soft sound, half moan, half sob, broke from her lips, and went sighing away through the grasses and sedges around. Her eyes went upwards to the sky, as she cried, with a breaking heart, in the words of Felix Holt's mother: "God was cruel when He made women."

The same that lay beneath those heavens seemed, indeed, sad to her.

The bitter, gross humiliation of it all she felt not at all, that was to come after.

* * * * * *

After awhile a sort of maimed life began for her again. At first it was torture to her to watch the glories of a sunset, to listen to beautiful music, to read a moving book. Everything—as she had once written to Aubrey—that was beautiful was him. His mysterious eyes rose up and confronted her in unexpected corners.

But the weary months passed by somehow, and the following autumn year found her paying visits in Scotland, and more or less herself again, outwardly.

But those who knew her best were often surprised at the wall of coldness which seemed to divide them from her old spontaneous sympathies. She seemed alike indifferent to the joys or sorrows of her old friends.

One August evening she was standing, after dinner, on the wooden verandah that ran the length of the house, looking down at the silvered loch far below.

It was awesomely still to her after the fevered heat and throb of the London streets, the tramp of the myriad feet that go on and on, and cease not day or night—for London had been unusually hot that summer.

A white light shone, yet, in the western sky. A summer's day dies hard in those northern regions; and a young moon hung low over the black hills, whose feet were bathed in the shining water.

The exquisite beauty of the quiet scene made her throat ache with unshed tears.

A man's voice beside her recalled her wandering thoughts. They too seemed to have the night and the beauty to themselves. In the drawing-room behind them, a girl was singing, softly, sweetly, with a chorus.

"We are all poets, geniuses, what you will, on a night such as this," the man began, half to himself, it seemed, with his face upturned to the glistening sky. "It is not difficult to believe in a God and a heaven to-night."

"No!" she answered, absently.

"Your thoughts are not here, I see. You live in London? Perhaps, then, all this," with a comprehensive sweep of those sensitive hands, "does not appeal to you?"

"I do live in London, that is all the more reason to revel in this. But it is apt to make one sad if it does not make one something worse. The majesty, the solitude, and the peace are such a contrast, well to my life, at any rate. Perhaps yours has been different."

He glanced swiftly at her.

"Life is difficult," was all he said, but something in his tone, his manner, gave her a sudden sense of companionship. She did not feel quite so forlorn, so outcast from human fellowship as she had done for so long.

"And yet, you would not have it otherwise, I daresay. I mean, you would not exchange your memories and your experiences, whatever they may have been, for a life of stagnation, such as many lead?"

She turned her face away from him, so that he saw only the oval of her cheek, and the hollow which should not have been there.

"No," she said, "I would not have it otherwise. I may have thought differently at one time. But now I know that memories, even if they be sad ones, are often our best possessions, and go with us beyond the grave. Oh, if one could only guess what lies there! Is it work? Is it rest? One craves one thing, then another."

He looked at her curiously.

"And what is it you would crave?"

"Rest, oh, rest!" she burst out, and in her voice there was a weak little catch. "Perhaps it is that I have been overdoing it in London this season, but the treadmill of society seems to have ground my very brains and feelings to powder, and yet it keeps one going, it prevents one thinking."

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "it prevents one thinking. But is that always a good thing? Is it not stronger, wiser to face one's destiny?"

"Strong! wise! that is for you men. How can you expect it of us, when your backs, almost from infancy, are bowed to breaking with the burdens of others as well as your own.

"When our hearts are for ever being pierced with the myriad sorrows of those around. One cannot walk down a single street in the poorer parts of the towns without seeing that in the faces which pass us, which make us feel sick with pity for their unknown woes."

There was a strange passion in her voice. She wondered how and why the conversation had taken so serious a turn, not knowing that it was the sympathetic nature of the man which induced it. He had the faculty of drawing her out and making her talk.

The pent up emotions of so many months began to find an outlet. He told her of the books he had read, the places he had seen, the people he had met.

And oh, the blessed feeling of being interested once more. Something in that long talk spoke of a heart, a soul, as unrestful as her own. The soft gray mist came creeping up from the loch. It laid a tender hand on her troubled heart, and it grew still.

Then all in a minute she felt tired, and all interest in him vanished. She bade him good night, and went in to sit brooding over the wood fire in her bedroom, while the last faint glimmer of light faded slowly over the mountain, and the hush of holy night lay over all.

And so the lovely August days slid by in many expeditions, and in many long talks with this new friend, with whom she soon felt on pleasantly familiar terms.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.]

The Little Madcap.

BY T. E.

PHILIP DRAKE was the owner of one of the finest country seats in the State. There were verdant meadows, romantic vales, and wide stretches of forest.

The dwelling was tastefully ornamental, and very spacious, surrounded by a piazza, upon which all the windows of the main floor opened.

Standing in one of these open-door windows now—one lying between the softly carpeted and richly appointed drawing-room and the broad piazza surrounding it—stood a stylish woman of twirty-two, with a beautiful but rather selfish-looking dark face.

She wore a magnificent negligee gown of creamy silk and lace; diamonds and rubies flashed upon her white hands, but there was a look of intolerance in her haughty eyes.

Those eyes were following an unconscious pair carelessly wending their way homeward across the sun-kissed fields—only a girl and a dog. The former a lit-

tle below medium height, and slight, the latter a great, handsome shaggy Newfoundland.

They were on very good terms with each other, for occasionally the girl would bend down, and the dog would bound up; then there would be a clear, ringing laugh, and a series of joyous barks.

Mrs. Devereaux frowned impatiently while they drew nearer and became merrier in their gambols.

She was wondering if this girl, now fast verging on womanhood, might not interfere with the financial future of her own children—a boy of twelve and a girl of eight—whose voices came buoyantly up from the stables, where three Shetland ponies were installed.

Mrs. Devereaux was the widowed sister of Philip Drake. Early in life she had married a wealthy Western broker, and ever since her life had been spent in a whirl of social fashions and worldly ambitions, until now the fortune her husband had left was well-nigh exhausted.

Had it not been for their wealthy and lavishly generous bachelor uncle she would have felt very much concerned over her children's future.

Even as it was, she did sometimes. What if he should ever marry? He was not beyond the possibility of it, surely, at forty-four? Still, she hadn't much fear of that.

Phil had always been such an odd fellow, and one love affair early in life had ended disastrously; then he swore he would never have another, and he never had thus far, although it was not the fault of his female acquaintances.

What, though, if he should leave his fortune, or most of it, to this wild young thing, whose guardian he had been ever since she was a tiny mite of three or four.

For all his lazy philosophy he had a warm, generous heart. He might have grown to love this girl through association; after all, she was the daughter of his hapless early love—the orphaned child of the woman for whose sake he had turned from all other women in disdain.

From her deathbed she had sent her child to Philip Drake, charging him to care for her as if she were his own.

The selfishness of her charge had always been a theme for scorn on Mrs. Devereaux's part; but Philip had accepted it—whether with pleasure or pain no one ever knew. For all his indifferent exterior he was a man of iron will, and no one should ever again see him moved like a girl.

He sauntered lazily into the cool, tree-shaded drawing-room, even while the frown still rested upon his handsome worldly sister's brow.

She did not hear him on the deep pile of the carpet until he reached her side and threw one arm round her waist.

Then she gave vent to a little shocked exclamation, not at this act, but at the act of the girl she was keenly watching.

"Gracious! Ernestine has vaulted the fence almost without an effort."

Philip smiled under his big brown moustache, and an amused twinkle brightened his dark eyes.

"Ernestine? Oh, she's an athlete," he responded, watching the slight dark figure coming whistling up the lane. "She can send her brown mare over any fence or ditch that I can make with Badger Bill, I assure you. Not only that, but she's the captain of a ladies' boat club, and can make a mile in three minutes on her bicycle."

Mrs. Devereaux looked at him in dumb horror a moment. Then,—

"And you look on smiling at all this—nay, talk as if you admired her for it?" she exclaimed, at last. "You have brought her up like a great overgrown tomboy, instead of a lady-like, intelligent girl, fitted for some use in the world. She ought to be going to school instead of jumping ditches with horses, and leaping fences with dogs, like a stable-boy."

A quick dark flush mounted to Philip's broad, high brow.

"But she does go to school," he said, resentfully, "in the village—a very good school; but there isn't any now—it's the summer vacation."

Mrs. Devereaux shrugged her shoulders.

"A village school—bah! She should be going away to some finishing school, where she could learn to behave herself decently and earn her livelihood. She has no fortune, I believe—her mother simply left her a name. You should certainly educate her to earn her own living, to be independent of your charity in her womanhood at least. She is almost a woman—seventeen. Why, I was married at that age!"

The amusement in his eyes had fled, giving place to a thoughtful, troubled look.

Was he wronging Ernestine Willard by letting her receive an education and be happy in her own way?

Would she blame him, wish to be independent of him, in her womanhood?

It shocked and pained him to think womanhood was so near at hand, that many girls married at her present age.

He had enjoyed the tomboyism and daring and frank carelessness of the merry little madcap quite as much as she had—he had been her tutor in many an athletic feat.

And he had found her such a gay, glad, apt pupil, such an ever-interesting companion.

He had taught her many things that would have shocked his haughty sister, more even than her expert riding and fence leaping—among them to shoot on the wing with a pretty little rifle he had given her, or a revolver.

Yes, he saw it now; this was wrong, all wrong.

Ernestine would soon be a woman, and though he never meant that she should earn her own living, on any account, she would have to go out into the world and mingle with other women.

If she felt lost and out of place among them; if she could not equal them in refinement, knowledge, accomplishments, would she not blame her guardian, and justly?

The thought haunted him all day, and unpleasantly.

When Ernestine asked him to join her in a ride to the trout stream he answered her shortly, so shortly that she looked at him in amazement.

Had she displeased him? How? Well, she couldn't go riding now; and tears of pain and resentment blinded her eyes while she hunted up fishing-tackle, and took the eager Newfoundland into the secluded June woods, where dwelt the timid trout under shadows of tangled undergrowth.

Mrs. Devereaux had been at Drakewood but two days when she became so terribly bored with loneliness, that she spoke to Philip about asking some people down from Madison, some thirty miles distant.

He carelessly assured her that she was welcome to ask whoever she wanted, whenever she wanted them; but there was no one for whose coming he especially cared; he had been a hermit so long, etc.

So she asked a number of society people—supposed to be wealthy, cultured, and all that was desirable; yet Philip Drake had never been so bored in all his life.

How languid and inane all the women were, painted, fashionable dolls, who were shocked at the boldness of Ernestine because it required physical daring. Their daring was all moral, they flirted scandalously, married and single; and the men—

Bah! there was nothing manly about them. They were mere followers of the pretty butterflies of fashion; all, except one.

Gerald Graham was not a character to be despised by man or woman; there was something so frank, so noble, and manly about him that he was, instead, one to be admired even by his enemies—a handsome young fellow of thirty, with lots of brains, lots of daring, physical and moral, and plenty of money.

After a week at Philip Drake's rural home, during which Mrs. Devereaux dressed and smiled ravishly for his benefit, while he attentively studied her bete noire, the young madcap, while Philip went moodily about his farm, feeling lost and lonely, Gerald Graham became Ernestine's shadow.

A gay cavalier in all her rides, a companion in her walks, he boated with her, fished with her, talked with her until he fell madly in love with the unconsciously beautiful young tomboy, who interested him as no society woman had ever done or ever could.

Jealousy made Mrs. Devereaux very bitter of tongue. She never lost a chance to taunt Ernestine with her dependence, and scoff at her daring, and put misconstruction upon her most generous and disinterested acts.

Ernestine was by nature quick of temper, and passionate of blood. She controlled herself as long as she could—as long as self-respect and respect for Phil, dear old Phil, who had somehow grown so moody and out of place under his sister's taunts—would let her.

She sought her guardian, and found him in the library one day.

His head was bowed on his hands, and when he lifted his face the eyes were haggard with painful thought.

Gerald Graham had just left him, and what had he said to bring that look upon the face she had learned to look upon as the noblest, the best, and kindest on earth?

She had come to speak of her own troubles—to tell him she must go away to earn her own living, that she could no longer bear this dependence on him, with which she was so often taunted by his sister; but she forgot her troubles in the sight of his.

"Oh, Guardy Phil, what is it?" she cried, dropping on a hassock at his feet, her voice and face tremulous with pity. "Are you ill?"

"No, Ernestine," he answered, with a slow, weary smile, "not physically; mentally, I don't know. The thought of parting with my little comrade is hardly productive of pleasure, Ernestine"—the smile vanished, his voice became sterner—"perhaps you know, but he said you didn't. Gerald Graham has just asked my consent to woo you—as his wife. What shall I say to him?"

Her face flushed, then blanched, and flushed again.

"Tell him?" she repeated; then she added, bitterly: "Tell him that I thank him for the honor he would confer upon me, but—Oh, Phil, Phil!"—and she shrank shivering to the floor and burst into a storm of sobs, her face pressed to her palms. "Do you want to get rid of me? You are cruel, too."

A moment he looked at her in silence, then a slow, almost fearful light crept into his eyes.

He touched the bowed head with a reverence and devotion he had never given to any cultured dame of fashion.

"Ernestine," he said softly, gently drawing her to his breast, "I've been learning my own heart while surrounded by all these people for the last five or six weeks. I've seen you falling in love with young Graham"—she started, but he went on—"and in my mind I've forced myself to see my life as it must be without you. You know the dead old trunk of a tree on the edge of the woods? I know my life would be like that without the beautiful verdure of your dear presence around it."

"But I don't love Gerald Graham, except as a friend, a good man, a good rider, and a good shot," she protested.

The haggard eyes broke into a light of wonder and incredulity.

Then—well, suffice it to say that less than a month later his merry little madcap became Philip Drake's beloved wife, his comrade for life.

It was a bitter blow for Graham, but he had never been encouraged by Ernestine, who had unconsciously lost her heart to her guardian long before.

The brown mare still keeps pace with Badger Bill, and the ditches are as deep, and the fences as steep as ever, and Ernestine's husband more her lover than he was of yore; and the bright-eyed, impulsive, dashing and lovable little lady is one of the happiest of wives.

THE CHINESE BAMBOO.—A bamboo, be it said, can be put to more uses than any other thing of the vegetable kind in the world. What would our opposite neighbors in the Celestial empire do without it?

It is employed for every conceivable, beside some inconceivable purposes, on land and water, and even in the air; for kites are made of it, and so are the queer little nestles bound to the tame pigeons to frighten crows from the grain fields.

It can be used in the whole cane, in strips, in threads, or in segments, and no part comes amiss. The tubes are suitable for water-pipes, and so it answers for aqueducts.

It is so strong that foot-bridges are constructed of it, and light enough for rafts; so available that a whole house can be built of it—the frame, the lattices, the thatch, the partitions—and it furnishes material for the tables and chairs, and some of the utensils and decorative articles.

It is so hard that knives are made from thin slices, and so delicate that it may be carved into the daintiest of boxes, and even thimbles and necklaces; so elastic that baskets are woven of it, so fibrous that it may be twisted into ropes and cordage.

It supplies lining for the chests of tea, strands for fishing nets, strips for fans and canes stiff enough for oars, and spars, and palanquin poles. It is one of the four things without which China would be China no longer—rice for food, tea for drink, silk for wear, and bamboo for everything.

There are said to be more than sixty varieties of this wonderful thing, which is neither grass nor tree, yet is in structure like grass; while it grows in dense groves, like trees, and shoots up to a height of even one hundred and fifty feet, and is nothing after all but a hollow jointed reed.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE COWARD.—The word "Poltroon," a term of contempt applied to cowards, is derived from the Latin "pollex truncatus," from the fact that it used to be common for men who were anxious to avoid being sent into the army to cut off their thumbs.

IN JAPAN.—The Japanese are truly devotees to cleanliness. Public baths abound, and the poorest citizen bathes usually twice a day. In Tokio there are more than eight hundred public baths, which are said to be patronized by over three hundred thousand persons daily, at a cost which can be said to be merely nominal.

BOTH SIDES.—An unmarried lady in Holland always takes the right arm of her escort, while the married one selects the left side of her husband. So deeply has this custom entered into the life of Hollanders that at a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right side of the groom, the young wife returning on the left side of her husband when the ceremony has been performed.

BUILT OF BUTTONS.—A house built of buttons is the latest thing in architecture, and a certain French musical celebrity, is building it. The walls, the ceilings, the doors, the exterior and the interior, are all ornamented with buttons of every description, from the very origin of their invention up to those of the present day. Those dating from the lower Greek empire are of the most curious manufacture, but every country has been ransacked, and some very curious specimens are reported to have been brought to light.

NEWS.—The word "news" has been fancifully derived from the initial letters of the four cardinal points of the compass—north, east, west, and south. In a book entitled "Wit's Recreations," which first appeared about 1640, appear the following lines anent the subject:

"When news doth come, if any would discuss
The letter of the word, resolve it thus:
News is conveyed by letter, word or mouth,
And comes from north, east, west, or south."

A PARADISE FOR WIVES.—There is a town in France, called Villefranche, which was founded by Humbert, the fourth Lord of Beaujeau, about the beginning of the twelfth century. This Lord Humbert let the ground at an almost nominal rent; and as an additional inducement for the people to settle in his town, he granted the inhabitants several privileges, one of which was "that husbands might beat their wives until the blood flowed, provided that death did not ensue therefrom." What a paradise for wives Villefranche must have been in those days!

SKULL PAINTING.—A strange custom, dating back to the dark ages, has survived in some of the mountain districts in Austria—the painting of skulls. The small size of most cemeteries in those regions makes it necessary to regularly remove the skeletons of the buried who have lain there eight or ten years, to make room for newcomers. The relatives of the dead thus to be exhumed are generally notified before the removal, so that they can attend to the cleaning of the skeleton and be present at its deposit in the so-called "bonehouse" or "charnel-house." On such occasions the skull is often ornamented with paintings, or it is marked with the name of the dead person.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

DREAMS AND WAKING.

BY M. R.

When the thrushes cease their singing, and the wild bees leave the clover;
When the glory of the sunset fades, and leaves the heavens pale;
When above the hill and mountains misty shades of twilight hover,
And the discords of the daytime far away in distance fall;

When the late wheat gently rustles, and the timid aspens shiver,
And the west winds singing softly scent from sleeping flowers bring;
When the pewsie cry together plaintively by brook and river—
Then it is I hear the old song that my mother used to sing.

Round my neck I feel the pressure of her fingers warm and slender,
As in sleeping dreams and waking I have felt it many times,
Just as when of old I listened to that ditty, quaint and tender,
Till the boughs that waved above us caught the cadence of the rhymes;

And my heart throbs loud and quickly as I hear it rising clearer;
Youth is mine, its hopes and visions, dreams and pains are mine again;
Earth is fairer, life is sweeter—aye, and heaven itself seems nearer
To me, as I list in fancy to that ne'er forgotten strain.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WEEK later Gaunt was lying on his bed, in his room at the hall.

It was the room in which his father, his grandfather—and how many generations of Gaunts!—had been born and had died.

It was a bright and sunny day, but the blinds were drawn, and the nurse and the doctor spoke in whispers as they stood by the bed and looked at the scorched and maimed figure lying so still and helpless upon it.

Gaunt opened his eyes, and looked from one to the other. He was very thin, and felt as weak as a baby. He tried to move his arm, but with a dull kind of surprise found that he could not do it. Both arms were bound in splints and wadding; he was swathed, so to speak, in cotton wool, and felt, and looked, like a mummy.

Across his chest, and about his arms was a stinging, aching pain which puzzled him. For a moment he thought he was in Africa, and wounded by an assegai; and, as he looked at the doctor, he said, in the thin tones of extreme weakness—and yet with a smile:

"What's happened? Have they beaten us?"

The doctor didn't understand; but he laid a soothing hand on the hot brow.

"Better, I hope, my lord?" he said.

Gaunt tried to nod, but his head was as heavy as lead, and he felt as if even his tongue were burned with the rest of him.

"Have I been ill? Where am I? Ah, yes! Is—is she safe?"

The nurse—she was a woman of the village, who had been through one of the London hospitals, and, happening to be home for a holiday, had begged to be permitted to nurse him—the nurse understood.

"Yes, my lord," she said. "Miss Deane's all right. Quite right!"

Gaunt again tried to nod.

"Thank God!" he murmured to himself. "Have I been bad long?" he asked.

"It's a week since the fire," said the doctor. "You have not been quite conscious since then."

Gaunt tried to glance at his swollen and imprisoned arms.

"What is the matter with me?"

The doctor knew his man, and did not evade the question.

"One arm broken," he said, cheerfully; "and the other burnt; in fact, you are scorched and burnt pretty liberally."

"The fire? Ah, yes—I remember!" said Gaunt. "It was a bad fire. Any lives lost? Miss Deane—is not hurt, ill?"

"Miss Deane is all right, thanks to you," said the doctor, with a slight catch in his voice. "No; there were no lives lost. Mr. Deane nearly came to grief. He was anxious to rescue some invention, some model or other, and ran into the house after it; but the men dragged him out, and he was not burnt."

Gaunt nodded.

"I'm glad. How—how did it occur?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Something caught fire and exploded. Some preparation of Mr. Deane's. I believe," ironically, "that it was the compound which he was inventing for the extinction of fire."

Gaunt smiled.

"And they're all safe? The servants and all?"

"Yes; quite safe. You are the only one who has suffered."

"That's all right," said Gaunt with quiet satisfaction. "I fell from the ladder, I suppose? I remember now. I'm rather thirsty."

The nurse gave him some water.

"Thanks. The house—the Woodbines—must be rebuilt. I should like it to be rebuilt as soon as possible, and as much like the old one——"

"Plenty of time for that, my lord," said the doctor. "We must not let you worry yourself about that or anything else at present. Are you in any pain?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Gaunt, though the aching of the burnt muscles made him catch his breath, even as he spoke. "I suppose I shall pull through?" he asked quietly.

The doctor smiled, but it was an uncertain and painfully professional smile.

"I hope so, my lord," he said.

Gaunt looked at him calmly, but searchingly.

"There's a doubt, eh?" he said. Well, I am sure you will do your best, doctor." He was silent for a minute or so; then he said, with an affectation of indifference:

"I've been unconscious, haven't I?"

"This is the first time you have been really conscious," said the doctor.

"Yes? I—I fancied—you know how one fancies things when one is off one's head?—that there was someone else here besides you two. Thank you, nurse; that's more comfortable!"

The nurse had raised the pillows slightly. The nurse and doctor exchanged glances, and it was she who answered.

"It wasn't fancy only, my lord. Miss Deane has been to see you; in fact——" She hesitated, but Gaunt's eyes were fixed on her, and she went on. "Well, she did say that we were not to tell you, my lord; but Miss Deane has been here, all the time, helping to nurse you."

A slight flush rose to the white face.

"I thought so," he said, quietly. "Anyone else been here?"

"Mr Bright and Mr. Robert, Miss Deane's brother," said the nurse. "He came down from Sandhurst. He's downstairs now."

"Is he?" said Gaunt. "I should like to see him!"

"Not just at present. Later in the day, after you have had some sleep," said the doctor, decisively.

Gaunt nodded, and closed his eyes.

"Very well," he said; "I'm under orders, and must obey."

He slept, or seemed to sleep, for about an hour; then he opened his eyes.

"Ask Mr. Robert to come up," he said to the nurse; and Bobby entered the room.

"Ah, Bobby, how are you?" said he. "Sorry I can't shake hands! How is your sister?"

Bobby bent over the white, wasted face, with its scorched hair and too brilliant eyes.

"Decima's all right!" he said. "She's—she's downstairs."

There was a suspicious moisture in Bobby's bright eyes.

"I—she—I want to thank you, Lord Gaunt!" he stammered; but Gaunt cut him short.

"That's all right, Bobby! All's well that ends well. She's safe—and not hurt, they tell me. And that's the principal thing. We'll build up the house again." A spasm of agony silenced him for a moment, but he still smiled.

"And—and—we must persuade your father to drop the fire extinguishing business! And how do you like Sandhurst? Tell me all about it."

But Bobby could not talk of himself or Sandhurst.

"You saved her life!" he said, brokenly.

"Why not?" asked Gaunt, with a quiet smile. "Wouldn't you have done the same? Very well, then! How well you are looking! Nice place, Sandhurst! We shall see you a general, commanding one of Her Majesty's regiments presently, Bobby!" His voice broke, for another spasm of pain had caught hold of him.

"I—I want to send a message to your sister. Tell her—— Are you listening? I want you to remember the exact words, please! Tell her that I'm not in the least pain! Don't forget!"

Bobby nodded, and went away; he could not have spoken to save his life.

The doctor came up to the bedside, and Gaunt smiled up at him.

"Am I going to die, doctor?" he asked, coolly. "There's a funny feeling about my heart."

The doctor grew grave, and bent his ear to Gaunt's breast.

"It's the shock," he said, under his breath. "You were very badly burnt, Lord Gaunt."

"I know," said Gaunt. "I asked you because, if you think there is a chance of my joining the majority, I—I—well, I should like to see Miss Deane."

The doctor was silent for a moment, then he said:

"I will tell her, my lord."

"Thanks," said Gaunt, cheerfully.

He lay quite still after the doctor had left the room, and the nurse, watching him, thought he had gone to sleep; but when the door opened, Gaunt opened his eyes, and a faint flush rose to his white face, for Decima had entered with the doctor. As she came to the side of the bed, Gaunt said:

"Will you two clear out for a few minutes?"

They went out, and Decima was alone with him.

She knelt beside the bed, and looked at him. The light was waning, and he could not see the expression on her face, in her eyes; but her sweet presence thrilled through him.

"I—I wanted to see you, to thank you!" he said, in a low voice.

She raised her eyes.

"To—to thank me—me?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said, in a thin voice, which, for all its feebleness, had nothing morbid in it.

"They have told me that you have helped to nurse me. That is so, isn't it? It was like you, Decima. You see, I call you—Decima! You—you will not be offended—angry?"

She looked at him in speechless sorrow and anguish.

"I—I wanted to see you, to bid you—well, to wish you 'Good-bye.' I'm afraid our friend, the doctor, doesn't think any great things of me."

She hid her face in the coverlid for a moment, but raised it again, and looked at him.

"And I wanted to ask you—to hear—Decima, do you think you can—that you can forgive me?"

She fought for calmness, prayed for it. She had been warned that she must not excite him.

"Forgive! You ask me that? You who—who—have saved my life! who may be dying?"

"That's nothing," he said, quietly. "Any fireman, at thirty shillings a week, would have done all I did, and less clumsily. That's—that's nonsense." The pain caught hold of him, and silenced him for a moment, then he went on. "I—I meant for what—what I said to you that night—for what I asked you to do, Decima?"

"Yes; I—I forgive!" she said.

"Thank you, dearest! You see, I take advantage of my situation! But—ah, Decima, you are 'dearest' to me. I love—— But I didn't mean to speak of that. Decima, I have heard of your engagement."

She started slightly, but said nothing.

"I've heard of young Illminster. I knew his uncle. A good sort. I—I hope he'll make you a good husband, Decima! He's—he's a lucky young fellow! I—I should like to see him; but I don't suppose they'd let me. "As if it mattered! And—and—Decima; I've made a little will." He smiled.

"Don't be afraid! I've not left you anything worth speaking of. I know you'd only refuse it. No; only a trifle. Some pearls and things. You'll wear the diamonds on your wedding day. Promise, Decima!"

She was silent for a moment; then she said, almost inaudibly:

"I promise."

"Thanks! They were my mother's. This—this is rather a mournful business; and—and it may be absurd and grotesque, too, for I may pull through after all; though I fancy not, for the doctor smiled, and when they smile——! I've just seen Bobby. I've left him my guns and some other things.

"How dark it is getting. Decima, I can say this now, because—well, because you are going to marry young Illminster, and be happy. Yes; be happy, dearest! That has always been my wish; just that you should be happy! God knows I have not helped you to happiness! My love, hitherto, has only made you wretched, God forgive me! But how I have loved you!"

He drew a long breath and looked at her as if he were trying to impress her every feature upon his memory, that he might carry it with him—wherever he was going.

"How I have loved you! Life is short—let one be as happy as one may—life is short. Soon—and yet not for a long time I hope, dearest—you will cross the river that divides life from death, and we shall meet. We shall meet face to face, with hearts bare to each other's gaze; and there you will know how I have loved you!"

He looked at her with a brave smile, but Decima could not see it for tears.

She bent over him.

"You—you are wrong!" she breathed, scarcely knowing what she said. "Lord Illminster—he—I—I am not going to marry him. I—am—not going to marry anyone——"

She wiped the tears from her eyes hastily, for they obscured her sight, and his face was precious to her.

"Not going to marry! Why not?" he asked, in his thin voice. "Not marry Illminster? They told me—— Why not?"

"Because—because——" Her voice broke, and her head bent lower; "because I do not love him. I—I love someone else!"

Her head sunk until her face was hidden upon his arm.

Her eyes grew wider, and he frowned.

"Who is this someone else, Decima?" he said, slowly, for his pain had gotten hold upon him again.

"Can't—can't—you tell?" she whispered. "Oh, my dearest——" She cast aside her trembling shyness, and bent over him, love pouring from her eyes, vibrating in her voice.

"Oh, don't you know? Did you think that I could cease to love you? Did you think that I should change—alter? You know that I loved you; do you think that I should not love you now; now that you have risked—your life for me?"

"Decima!" he breathed, wondering, scarcely daring to think that he was awake and not dreaming.

"Yes; I love you," she breathed. "I have loved you all through—it was wicked, I know, but I cannot help it! There is no one else! There could not be! You must not die. Ah, you must not, or I must die, too! I could not live without you, dearest! I could not, because I love you better than life itself!"

A light shone in Gaunt's eyes, his lips trembled. He tried to move; but he could not; he was bound and swathed too scientifically, securely.

"I—I can't move!" he exclaimed. "I—I can't put my arm round you! Oh, my love! My love!"

Blushing over face and neck, she put her arms round him and pressed him to her bosom, and bent lower and lower until her lips touched his; and, when they had thus touched, they clung with a kiss in which even her great love found expression.

* * * * * *

Her arms were still round him when the doctor came into the room; and she looked round with a strange look in her lovely eyes.

It was the look which the lioness wears when she is protecting her cub, the mother when she holds her best-beloved against her bosom, and so dares Death itself!

The doctor looked at her, and then at Gaunt.

"Has he fainted?" he asked, in a grave whisper.

Decima held the dear head still closer yet, how gently!—to her bosom.

"You—you had better go, my dear young lady," said the doctor, gravely.

But Gaunt opened his eyes.

"Let her stay, doctor!" he said, with a smile. "I'm not going to die. Men don't die when they have so much to live for; and I—well, I'm going to live!"

And he did. Much to the surprise of the doctors, Gaunt "turned the corner" that day, soon became convalescent, and regained his health and old strength with remarkable rapidity.

As Lady Roborough remarked: "The Gaunts always did the unexpected," and she added, to Decima, that this particular member of the family was the most obstinate of men. "If he has made up his mind to live, and make you happy, you may depend upon it he will do so."

He displayed his obstinacy, not only in getting well, but in the matter of an early marriage. Decima pleaded "for time," of course; but Gaunt would scarcely listen to the plea; and she was so grateful to him for not dying that she yielded.

They were married within the month, and for a time, for nearly a year in fact, disappeared from the sight, though not the memory, of their friends, and wandered about the Continent, far off the

beaten tracks; staying at some little old-world town, or lingering beside one of the smaller Italian lakes whose shores the tourist has not yet troubled with his check suit and camera.

They ought to have been bored to death; but, strange to say, they were not. Their love had been tried in a very fiery furnace, and had stood a test even more severe than a prolonged honeymoon; and it was not because they were tired of wandering, or of each other, that, at last, one day, early in summer, they turned homeward.

That Leatmore was glad to see them goes without saying; and the people showed their delight at the return of "my lord and lady" in the usual way.

There were triumphal arches, and a brass band; and the whole village turned out to greet them, and escorted them to the Hall, with cheers which drowned the music of the band.

To those who know the power and volume of a country brass band this will convey a fairly accurate idea of the heartiness of the cheerers.

Having reached home, Gaunt and Decima would have liked to settle down into a life as closely resembling their quiet honeymoon as possible; but Decima was too wise to yield to the desire.

"Yes," she said, stifling a sigh, as she regarded the little heap of invitations which very soon appeared beside the breakfast plate. "We must go, of course. I must not forget that you do not belong to me altogether."

"Oh, indeed!" he said. "And to whom also do I belong, pray?"

"To these, and these, and these," she said, turning over the notes from the Roboroughs, and the Ferndales, and the rest. "We must do our duty, dearest. Besides——" she hesitated, and looked at him wistfully.

"Out with it," he said, with a smile. "I was thinking what a nice quiet time we would have down here, you and I; but if you've got an idea that it's your Duty—Duty with a capital D—to drag me into a round of dinner parties, I'm quite certhat you'll do it. But go on. What were you going to remark?"

"I was going to say that I didn't want you to get tired of me—of living a sort of Darby and Joan existence."

Gaunt laughed, with an affectation of mockery.

"My dear Decima, that's a little too thin! As if I didn't know that you are dying to gad about amongst these people, and be petted and made much of—as if there were any special merit in being pretty to look at, and having 'mousey' ways which get over people."

She rose, and put her arms round his neck, and her finger on his lips.

"You'll have the servants come in and see you!" he said, pretending to be alarmed.

"And if they do?" she retorted. "They all know I'm weak enough to be in love with you still!"

They did the round of dinner parties; and, as Gaunt had prophesied, Decima was petted and made much of. In due course they returned the hospitality extended to them, and dinners and dances, garden parties and impromptu luncheons for a time "ruled firm" at Leatmore.

It was after one of these quiet lunches, which was eaten in the dining-room and on the terrace indifferently, that Decima, who was seated on the lawn beside Lady Roborough and Aunt Pauline—that lady had long ago forgiven Gaunt, and had grown absurdly attached to him—saw a fly coming up the drive.

"Who are these, dear?" asked Lady Roborough. "More visitors? If so, it is to be hoped there is some lunch left!"

"I don't know who it can be," said Decima, looking at the middle-aged and rather nervous-looking lady and the very pretty little girl who sat beside her in the carriage.

At this moment, Gaunt, followed by Lord Ferndale and the other gentlemen, came down the terrace, and joined the ladies.

"There is someone coming—who is it?" said Decima. Before she could finish, the girl in the carriage caught sight of Gaunt, jumped up, called to the driver to stop, and, getting out, ran quickly across the lawn and seized Gaunt's hand with a cry of innocent delight.

Gaunt looked down at her for an instant or two in doubt and uncertainty, then he, too, cried out, and as delightedly:

"Why, Maude! Is it possible?"

"Yes!" she responded, clinging to his hand and nodding at him, and then back at her mother, who was following her more slowly and timidly. "And you are glad to see me? You don't mind my coming, do you?"

"Glad! I should think so!" said Gaunt. "How do you do, Mrs. Watson?" he added, extending his hand to her mother.

"There! I said so!" exclaimed Maude. "Mamma said we ought not to come; that we ought to wait—that it wasn't good manners; but I knew you wouldn't mind—that you'd be glad to see me. And—oh, I did want to see you!"

Gaunt, all aglow with pleasure, turned to Decima and the others.

"This is Mrs. Watson and little Maude, my fellow passengers on the poor Pevensey Castle, Decie——"

But Decima had guessed their identity before this, and had given an eager hand to the rather embarrassed lady.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! So very glad!" said Decima, with "the Decima voice and smile," as Lady Roborough called it. "Oh, let her come to me, Edward!" she said, wistfully, and she drew the child to her eagerly.

"I ought to apologize for this—this intrusion," said Mrs. Watson, nervously; "but—but we are in England on a visit, and Maude insisted upon coming."

"And you very properly and kindly yielded," said Gaunt, gratefully. "It was very kind of you: and if I tried I couldn't tell you how glad I and my wife—this is my wife, Mrs. Watson—are to see you!"

"I said so, mother!" said Maude, nodding triumphantly.

"How well she looks!" said Gaunt, a few minutes later, and speaking in an undertone, so that Maude, who was the centre of the group of ladies, to whom she was trying to talk all at once, might not hear. Her mother's face flushed with gratitude and happiness.

"Yes; she is quite well! It was Africa. Oh, it is a wonderful country; and—and I can never be too thankful! She is all the world to me, Lord Gaunt. But if it had not been for you, we should never have reached Africa, and Maude——"

"Mamma's trying to thank him," said Maude, at that moment. "As if she could! Besides, he doesn't like being thanked—I know that!"

"Come, Maude," said Mrs Watson. "We will go now. Lady Gaunt——"

"Indeed you will not!" said Decima, with gentle firmness. "You are not going for a long time—oh, a very long time. You are going to stay with us; are you not, Maude?"

Maude looked from Gaunt to Decima, then nodded, and smiled ecstatically.

"Oh, yes—yes! Please, mamma!" she said, beseechingly, and Gaunt rendered any discussion futile by sending for their luggage.

A little later, when the other guests had gone, with the exception of Lady Roborough, who was staying in the house, Decima and she were sitting at tea with Mrs. Watson on the terrace. Maude was on Gaunt's knee, and Mrs. Watson was telling the other two ladies of the child's marvellous recovery.

"And how well you look—how well and strong!" Maude was saying to Gaunt. "We read all about the fire, and mamma said she was afraid you'd die; but I said: no; that you were too strong. Do you remember how you used to lift me, chair and all, and carry me, just as if I were a baby—like your dear little one in the nursery upstairs?"

"You're a very big baby now, Maude," remarked Gaunt.

"Yes; am I not? And I'm so strong, too. Oh, do you think I ought to have any more cake? Well, just this piece. What a pretty lady, Lady Gaunt is!" she said, after a quiet munch.

"Yes; I think so, too. I'm glad you agree with me."

"And how—how happy, how very happy she looks!" remarked Maude, contemplating Decima thoughtfully.

"Yes; I think she's fairly happy, Maude," he assented. "I don't beat her very often. Yes; I fancy she's happy!"

"I know why!" said the child, with a quiet laugh.

Lady Roborough heard her, and looked round.

"Because she hath 'her heart's desire,'" she quoted to Gaunt.

Maude looked from one to the other, rather puzzled for a moment or so. Then she smiled up at Gaunt triumphantly, as if she had guessed the riddle.

"She means you!" she said, shrewdly.

[THE END.]

AT A GIRL'S COLLEGE.

A man's college life has been invested with quite a halo of glory by poet and novelist. Youth never seems more golden than when devoted to intellectual and physical culture.

But a more romantic interest belongs to the daily life of the college girl. Every year she is increasing her numbers, but to most people it's a mystery how she passes her time. Such it was to me, until happy chance gave me half an hour's chat with the principal of one of the largest women's colleges. Then the mystery dispersed, but the charm became greater than ever.

"What sort of a life do my students really lead in college?" said this lady, repeating the substance of the question with which I had opened the conversation.

"Well, this varies to some extent with the temperament of the girls; but it is quite a mistake to suppose that any considerable number of them so over-work their brains that their bodies suffer in consequence.

"The caricaturist's favorite picture of a 'blue stocking'—a frowsy figure, stooping and ungainly, wearing a pair of colored eye-glasses—has had its uses; the fearful image acts as a deterrent upon any excessive mistaken zeal for study at the expense of health among college girls.

"The typical student of to-day is not indifferent either to health, beauty, or taste in dress—she estimates all these things at their proper value, I think, as accompanying mental culture and in relation to social life generally.

"A visit to the girls' colleges would give you the best proof of this. Taking them altogether, you would find, I am sure, as good-looking a set of young women as could be seen in any part of the world."

"To what extent do they now engage in athletic sport?"

"Oh, more than ever—quite as much, in fact, as is desirable. Most of the colleges have a gymnasium, where the girls usually spend two or three hours a week."

"And what of the indoor recreation?"

"There is usually plenty of that, I can assure you, although much of it has a distinct educational value. Amateur theatricals are, perhaps, first favorite; these are often got up at short notice, and you would be surprised, I think, by the amount of real dramatic talent that some of the students show—more particularly noticeable, perhaps, when they have to assume men's parts. Then there are evenings for the study of Shakespeare, or some other poet, with illustrative songs given by some of the musical students.

"The debating society is, of course, an important feature in the life of every college. Once a week we discuss some question of social or political importance, and on occasions there are inter-college debates, when the girls are as keenly anxious to do credit to their respective colleges as when they meet in friendly athletic contests.

"And then the cleverest college girls, you know, are frivolous enough to dance; they waltz with each other with as much enjoyment as you ever see in a ball-room."

"Having all these delightful diversions, when do they find time for the hard study which has won for women so much academic distinction?"

"The morning is the principal time. You see, with all our gaiety the lights in the common rooms are out at 10.30; and although in their own bed-chambers students can, of course, sit up as long as they like, this liberty is seldom abused. The result is that we get through our work at the best time—an hour or so before breakfast at 8.30, and between breakfast and lunch at one o'clock.

"Most students spend an hour or two with a tutor between tea-time—which is five o'clock—and 7.30, the dinner hour. Five o'clock tea is a chief bond of communion.

"To this function the students can invite a brother, cousin, or any friend, and the privilege is taken advantage of. Our drawing-room is sometimes crowded."

During her two or three years at college, the principal tells me, the typical student by no means neglects general literature.

Although she has to get through so many volumes in the regular course of her studies, she yet contrives to read, as they appear, all the books that are most talked about.

For the purpose of taking part in a debate she will dip deeply into some abstruse political subject, such as the regulation of the hours of labor, and, as a rule, she takes a constant interest in the newspapers. Altogether, the college girl's daily life must contain few idle moments, and must be full of the variety which is the salt of existence.

MANY of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night, or they cannot shine. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy.

Humorous.

AS TO PROPHECY.

"What will the coming winter be?"
I asked an aged man today;
"Cold, very cold," he made reply,
"And long and drear, I grieve to say."

"What will the coming winter be?"
I asked another prophet old.
"Mild, very mild; but little snow,
And with a minimum of cold."

"What will the coming winter be?"
The weather man repeated slow:
"It will be either mild or cold—
But which I'm sure I do not know."

Direct taxation—Taxing one's memory.

When a man increases in sighs—When he is hopelessly in love.

Practice may not make the lawyer perfect, but enough of it will make him rich.

"Waiter, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon."

Some folks think they ought to be able to reap their rewards with a four-horse mowing machine.

He: "I love you better than my life."
She: "Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."

Bashful Lover: "I leave here to-morrow. How long shall you remain, Miss Gray?"
Up-to-Date Girl: "Remain Miss Gray? I leave that to you, Mr. Jingly."

"Your wife doesn't seem to improve in health."

"No; as fast as she gains strength she uses it up telling people what is the matter with her."

Teacher: "What is a synonym?"
Bright boy: "It's a word you can use in place of another one when you don't know how to spell the other one."

"They tell me, Grimly, that your daughter sings with great expression."
"Greatest expression you ever saw. Her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing at her best."

Yeast: "That man Doughton is very sceptical. Unless he sees a thing he won't believe it exists."
Crimsonbeak: "He never ran into a rocking chair in the dark, then?"

"Money will do almost everything for a man," said one neighbor to another.
"Yes," was the reply, "but many a man will do more for money than money will do for any man."

"As our engagement is at an end, you would of course like all your letters and everything you have given me returned?"
"Yes, Mabel—particularly the kisses." Engagement renewed.

"The perfect man," said the brown-eyed girl, who was reading a newspaper, "should be six feet two and a half inches in height."
"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Newbryde. "Edgar is only five feet nine."

Reporter: "Well, I've interviewed her."
Editor: "Did she talk without restraint?"
Reporter: "She wouldn't say a word until her husband came in, and told her to keep still."

Customer: "Do you remember you warranted that burglar alarm to go off the first time a burglar got near it?"
Shopman: "Yes."
"Well, it did. It went off with the burglar last night."

He, just introduced: "What a very plain person that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Black."
She: "Isn't he! That is Mr. Black."
"How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the plain men always get the prettiest wives!"

He: "Jack is an enthusiastic wheelman. He even argues that the bicycle often benefits the pedestrian who is run over."
She: "How?"
He: "By emphasizing the fact that he ought to ride, and thus inducing him to get a machine."

"Yes, sir, a nice spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?"
Customer realizes the sad fact; and, after half an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

Apropos, finishing the lathering of a customer—"yes, sir, there's no monkey business allowed by our boss; every time we cut a customer's face it means a fine of a quarter."
Then he adds, brandishing his razor:
"But to-day I don't care a rap; I've just won $5 at the races!"

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.
"Yes," was the reply.
"Do you know how much his income is?"
"No. But it's an awfully strange coincidence."
"What do you mean?"
"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."

The following comes from "the great and glorious West," and is characteristic of a certain frankness that goes with a "smart transaction."
"Do you know any one who has a horse for sale?" asked the local doctor of a dealer who was passing through from a distant town.
"I reckon Hans Schweitz has—I sold him one yesterday," was the quiet reply.

FOR EVERY DAY.

BY S. U. W.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our souls a sudden bravery fills—
But we endure not always so
The drop-by-drop of little ills!
We still deplore and still obey
The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares
Cannon and bayonets, faints beneath
The needle points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny things of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul,
Which daily toils and ills require;
Sweet Patience, grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day.

On the Road.

BY H. K. B.

THE white October moonlight lay over the country like snow, painting the high ground silver, leaving darkness only in the hollows, and on Salborough Heath the great black gallows, cutting across the edge of the sky-line, flung a baleful shadow behind it on the short sunburnt grass of the headland.

The sea, visible at times from the bridle path leading across the Heath, was bare of all ships, save where the lights of a smuggling lugger wavered faintly in the moonlight half a-mile from the shore.

On the lower slope of the Heath a few storm-blown and distorted trees fringed the path, and in their shelter lurked a horseman, whose obvious desire was to avoid notice. He sat his chestnut uneasily, and his face was white in the shadow.

At times a disturbed expression flickered across his features, and he peered anxiously from his covert with an air of expectation; yet, when assured that nothing was in sight, he drew back again almost as though relieved.

It seemed that his errand, whatever it might be suited him but ill; and the pistol in his hand curiously belied his youth, and the round, pleasant countenance, which had procured for him among his companions the half-contemptuous title of "Jocelyn the Babe."

He had not long to wait, for at last the figure of a man on horseback appeared below him, and began leisurely to ascend the slope. Jocelyn gripped his pistol closely and bent forward, and the unsuspecting cavalier rode quietly up the path towards the clump of trees.

He looked neither to the right nor left, but rode with head bent, and loosened rein, the toes of his long riding-boots barely touching the bars of his stirrups. The moonlight showed him to be a man of striking appearance, and dressed in the latest fashion of the Court.

He had almost passed the clump of trees when Jocelyn touched his horse with the spur, and riding right across the road, with the pistol very accurately levelled at the stranger's head, requested him, in the formula in vogue, to "Stand, and deliver!"

The new-comer's mode of taking this salutation struck the inexperienced Jocelyn as original, for, after a momentary stare, a decided smile became visible on his face. At the same time his hand moved instinctively to the breast of his coat.

"If you attempt the least resistance," said Jocelyn, in his resolute, boyish tones, "I fire."

The other surveyed him silently for a second, and then, with a shrug of graceful resignation, lifted his empty hands above his head.

"My dear young friend," he remarked pleasantly, "you have me at a distinct disadvantage. I surrender. Pray be careful how you approach my horse, because his temper is not of the sweetest, and his teeth are in excellent condition. May I ask for whom you take me?"

Jocelyn experienced some astonishment at this form of address, but he answered stoutly enough.

"For Sir Anthony Wildash, of Salborough. You are returning from a card party at Keighton with heavy winnings."

His intended victim threw back his head, and laughed loudly and long. When he at last recovered his powers of speech, he surveyed the young highwayman with dancing eyes.

"You are really a most well-informed young man," he said, in a voice still shaking with suppressed mirth. "I repeat that you have me very much at a disadvantage. As this position is hardly comfortable, and certainly not dignified, and as I can imagine you are in something of a hurry, will you be good enough to relieve me of these said heavy winnings? My arms are beginning to ache, and my grey is not used to a free rein."

Jocelyn, somewhat puzzled, advanced cautiously, still covering his prey with his weapon. From the pockets of the elegant riding-coat he removed two silver-mounted pistolets, and a suspiciously heavy purse.

"You have there," he remarked, pointing to one of the upraised hands, "a very valuable ring. I am sorry to trouble you further, but, as I have only one hand at my disposal, perhaps you will be good enough——"

The stranger slipped the shining circle from his finger, and handed it over with a bow that would have done every credit to the Palace of St. James.

"Permit me to compliment you upon your powers of perception," he said politely. "Your eye-sight is really surprising. And now, may I enquire what you are going to do with me?"

"I am going," returned Jocelyn, eyeing him uneasily, "to secure you to the foot of Salborough gallows."

A cloud crossed the other's face.

"And why the gallows?"

"Because I do not wish you to be released till the morning, and——"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the stranger, with another burst of laughter. "Better and better! On my honor, my dear young man, your knowledge of human nature is stupendous. Of course, no one would dare to go near Salborough gallows except in broad daylight. Really," he added, with a curious glance, "I see that one's mind may be improved, and one's knowledge enlarged, even by highway robbery. Well, will you set about putting your amiable plan into execution? Once again, let me warn you against my horse."

The gray and the chestnut moved side by side across the Heath in the direction of the gallows. Jocelyn still kept his pistol at his companion's head, and a watchful eye on his movements.

He could not quite comprehend the covert smile which still lingered on those expressive features.

"You certainly interest me," remarked this puzzling stranger, after a moment's silence. "I should be pleased to learn whether this is a youthful frolic, or a professional violence."

"Do you suppose that a mere frolic would lead a man to commit a crime in sight of Salborough gallows?" asked Jocelyn bitterly.

Again the cloud passed over the stranger's face.

"I beg your pardon," he said, abandoning his tone of raillery. "I see that you are a highwayman in deadly earnest. Your appearance certainly justifies my mistake," he added, glancing at Jocelyn with something like pity in his eyes. "Is this your first attempt?"

"Yes."

"And what has led you to it?"

Jocelyn looked at him doubtfully.

"Why should I tell you?"

"There is no reason in the world," returned the other lightly, "except the influence of my curiosity, and the natural amiability of your character. Honestly," he added, changing his manner, "I should be glad to hear. And, let me entreat you to be careful of these grass hillocks. The least stumble and——well, I should not care to test your pistol; it may not be loaded, of course——"

Jocelyn started and turned in his saddle.

"——I prefer to think that it is," went on the other quite coolly, "because deception is always a mean kind of sin. I prefer murder, myself. And I think it not improbable that you do, too."

Jocelyn was never quite sure in after days how it all happened; but on the bare heath, under the shadow of the gallows, he told his story. It sounded pitifully slender—tragically curt—out there in the great silence of the moonlight and the sea; and the stranger listened, with a face from which the laughter had fled.

"So," he said, when the halting sentences ended, "is that all? A chance blow over a card-table—small swords for two—the grave for one—and for the other ——" he lifted his head suddenly with a swift and solemn gesture, and pointed to the black mark above their heads. "For the other—" he said, with a marvelous change in his supple voice, "is it to be—that?"

Jocelyn eyed him sullenly.

"I suppose not," returned his companion, still looking upward. "Are there no foreign wars—no honorable battle-fields—nothing but a short shame and a long rope?"

There was a sudden passion in his tone, and his eyes flashed as he turned them on Jocelyn. "Is there nothing for you but that?"

Jocelyn was silent. They were almost under the gallows, and the wind made a ghastly, rattling sound among the rusting chains.

"You hear it?" said the stranger, softly. he shivered a little, and drew up the collar of his coat. "I hear it too—in my dreams."

There was a long moment of silence. Something in the last remark had turned Jocelyn's blood cold in his veins.

"Will you dismount?" he said at last, in a hoarse voice.

His companion drew up, and fixed his piercing eyes full on his face. He did not answer.

"I must really ask you to hurry, Sir Anthony," said Jocelyn, shifting uneasily beneath his scrutiny.

A smile came suddenly back to the stranger's face.

"Ah, yes; I forgot," he answered, with a return of his former gaiety. "Naturally you are somewhat pressed for time. But, before you go, permit me to rectify your little mistake, and introduce myself in form. It is probable that you have heard of me before. Allow me, my dear brother artist, to present to you, Claude Duval!"

Jocelyn gave a great start, and dropped his hand to his side, pistol and all; and in an instant the prince of highwaymen, leaning from his saddle, had caught him in a grasp of iron, and then, with one quick turn of the wrist, sent the pistol flying several yards away into the grass, where it harmlessly exploded.

"Your method, my dear young friend," said the smooth voice in Jocelyn's ear, "reflects great credit on your youth and inexperience. You have distinguished yourself to-night. Kindly refrain from struggling, or I am afraid that, much as it would grieve me to do such a thing, I might accidentally hurt you. Here is my purse, and here," repossessing himself of the pistolets, "are two of the most pointed arguments known to man.

"This, if I mistake not, contains some matters of your own. A purse? and but poorly furnished, if my hand has not lost its cunning. You need not fear!" he added, with a sudden dignity, as he returned the little bag to its owner's pocket, "Claude Duval is a gentleman, if only of the Road. He is at least no pickpocket. Now dismount, and fetch me that pistol!"

He spoke with a tone of absolute authority, which permitted no questioning. Jocelyn obeyed him in silence, and stood at his knee waiting when the pistol had been found. The dark face under the riding hat looked down at him curiously. The boy was white with shame and confusion, and his hands were clenched.

"Upon my word," said Duval presently, "I believe you are not far from tears, my friend! And yet, in reality, you have the laugh on me. To hold up Claude Duval and rob him under the very gallows tree! Why, it is a jest of Fate's own devising. Have you nothing to say?"

"Where is Sir Anthony?" faltered Jocelyn.

Duval shrugged his shoulders in his graceful way, and laughed a little.

"I much fear," he retorted with mock gravity, "that Sir Anthony is in a particularly damp ditch a good three miles behind us. It is hard on him, but what would you? A man—and particularly a highwayman—must live. To live, under the present disgusting conditions of existence, requires money. Sir Anthony plays an excellent hand, I believe. The better for my pocket; the worse, probably, for my soul—if I have one. And you—do you still contemplate following the road—to the rope's end?"

Jocelyn lifted up his eyes to the half-sad, half-mocking face above him.

"You did not mean what you said," he answered, "and, if you did, how am I to take it? You have destroyed your own sermon."

"I preach so seldom," replied Duval airily, "that my shortcomings must be excused."

"But if you really meant it," persisted the boy, with some hesitation, "if you really meant——" he broke off, and tried to read the inscrutable eyes—"you have at least some experience——"

Duval smiled.

"Am I to understand that the opinion of Claude Duval, rogue, carries more weight than that of Sir Anthony Wildash? Let me use my advantage, then," he continued, with a complete and astounding change of manner—a sweetness of persuasion—a charm of bearing, which reduced Jocelyn to an enchanted silence.

"You listened to the one—hear the other. You believed Anthony Wildash—now believe Claude Duval. You were meant for better things than hanging—the honesty of your face will never fit the high way—take the advice of one who knows, and flee it. On the shore you will find a boat that will you put on board that waiting vessel, and ship to a little French village which I know well—too well, perhaps. Ask for the Abbe Mazaret, and tell him your story.

"He is a good man," said Duval, with a twinkle in his eyes, "though his sermons are longer that mine. Give him this paper, and the blessing of Claude Duval—it will, perhaps, do him no harm, though he is a saint, and I am a—highwayman. Tell him that I pray him to do as much for the innocent as, I know, he would have done for the guilty. And, if you're ever tempted to take to the road again, remember Salborough gallows."

"But," said Jocelyn doubtfully, "this boat—it was designed for your own escape?"

"What of that? I, the hardened criminal, have twenty refuges between here and Salborough—you, the guileless fledgling, have but one in the world—the Abbe Mazaret. Go to him."

He bent from his saddle and held out his hand. Jocelyn took it, and retained it for an instant in his own.

"You have saved more than my life," he said in a trembling voice.

Duval lifted his riding hat and sat bare headed in the moonlight, with his eyes fixed on the sea. When he spoke again his face was very grave.

"As you remarked just now, I have experience. You have not." He pointed again to the gallows. "It is empty now. But, to morrow, who knows? Claude Duval, or another? Well, it will not be you. I am glad of that. And now, you go!"

Jocelyn held something up to him.

"You have forgotten to take back your ring."

"Not at all," returned the highwayman with his grand air. "Let me beg of you to accept it as a souvenir of your first—and last crime. Farewell!"

He sat like a statue in the saddle until Jocelyn's figure disappeared over the edge of the cliff. Then he threw back his head once more, and laughed in the moonlight.

"On my honor," he said to himself, as he turned his horse back to the bridle-path, "I would like to see the Abbe's face when he hears of this night's work. I—and Salborough gallows—have preached a better sermon than any of his."

His eye fell on his hand as he lifted the rein, and he smiled once more. He missed the sparkle of the ring.

"I wonder if 'His Innocence' has ever had experience of 'paste'?" said the Gentleman of the Road.

A Surrender.

BY J. H. H.

THE gardens which stretched out on either side of the Squire of Elmdon's house were considered the fairest and most picturesque in all the village, and for miles round.

There was one little corner more beautiful than the rest, through which ran a tiny stream like a streak of silver, bordered by daisy-covered banks and shaded by arched trees.

It was just the spot for lovers to dream away a summer afternoon; a spot where one might forget the busy world for a while, and imagine oneself in Arcadia. But to feel that, one must be in the heyday of youth and happiness, and it was not joy that was reigning paramount in the hearts of a man and woman, who stood close together in that sheltered corner, in the soft twilight of a beautiful June evening.

They were gazing intently in each other's eyes, with hands tightly clasped, blind to the beauty of the scene around; for they were lovers and had come there to say farewell.

It was just a simple story, begun and finished in a few weeks, and yet to those two it seemed that life before was only a blank, and scarcely to be remembered. Margaret Power was the only child of the Squire of Elmdon, motherless from early years, but fondly loved and cherished by an indulgent father.

Closely guarded from the outside world, watched over with an almost jealous care from childhood, she had grown up a bright, innocent, happy girl, looking out upon life with joyous, "unseeing" eyes, believing she was one of the favored few to whom there could come nothing but sunshine.

When she was almost seventeen a great event took place—Mr. Villiers, one of the richest landowners in Elmdon, and her father's most intimate friend, proposed for her hand, and was accepted.

The village marveled, first in silent astonishment and then in busy gossip, for Mrs. Villiers was almost as old as the Squire, though of course he looked a very different man, and in spite of his five and forty years cast many of the younger men quite into the shade.

Then there was not a better sportsman in the place, and in society he was a general favorite; and as, after all, the engagement was only a nine days wonder, the fact was accepted and surprise died out.

And what about Margaret herself? When her father had spoken to her first of Mr. Villiers' wishes, she was too much amazed to answer. The Squire had gently urged her, he was failing rapidly in health; he wanted to see his little girl safe and in good keeping.

Villiers was rich, generous, and he loved her. He was willing to wait any length of time for her, and so, gradually, she drifted into the idea that she loved him, and some day, "oh not yet, but ever so far away," she would marry him, and all would go well. After all, it made little difference to her; Mr. Villiers was gentle and considerate, remembering how young and inexperienced she was, and besides it was understood he was not to hurry her in any way.

He had watched her grow up from childhood, and it always seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to seek her old friend's counsel and help in anything she undertook.

And so, for more than a year her life had gone on calmly and undisturbed, till, six weeks before this June evening, there come to Enderly Court a visitor, Mr. Villiers' nephew, a bright, handsome fellow of five or six and twenty. He came among them, taking everyone by storm, winning affection speedily by that indefinable grace of manner which nature bestows upon only a few.

As soon as his eyes fell on the sweet face of Margaret Power, and he felt the irresistible charm of her constant companionship, his heart passed for ever out of his own keeping, and Margaret took it into hers.

At first it was all unconsciously. They were thrown much together, both young, both full of life, with the same thoughts and interests. They rode, walked and talked together, and before they knew it themselves the mischief was done. A chance look or word had betrayed their danger, and they woke to the reality of what was before them.

It was a terrible moment when they realized the truth, and the hopeless prospect of the future. Margaret knew to her cost that love for the first time had found its way into her life, bringing to her happiness more exquisite than she had ever known, but alas, with it sorrow and despair.

And now since the discovery was made, there was nothing left to them but to say farewell, to wrestle and fight with their own hearts, and crush out the love that had sprung up there rapidly but yet so strong.

"Margaret, I do not know how to say good-bye. I cannot say it," cried Ernest Villiers as he watched the color die out of the face of the girl beside him.

"It is a mistaken sense of honor that will make you ruin your life and mine. Why should you sacrifice yourself to a man old enough to be your father? Why should you be bound by a promise made for you before you were old enough to understand what you were doing? It is cruel, it is unjust, and you shall not do it!"

"Hush!" said Margaret, gently. "I cannot take back my word. I dare not break my promise. Better that I should suffer than Geoffrey should believe me false; we must bear one burden; but do not make it harder still for me," and here her voice faltered, and she hid her face between her hands.

"Then you do care, darling," said Ernest, "a little?"

"Oh, Ernest, more than anything," answered Margaret; the fervor of her reply compensating for its want of eloquence. "I never understood before what these things meant; but Geoffrey is so good, so honorable and true, I cannot break his heart. You must leave me now; forget me if you can, and we must not see each other again, till we can meet with our love conquered."

"Then this is our last good-bye, for that day will never come for me," cried Ernest hotly. And so, with despair in their hearts, and their white faces drawn with pain, farewell at last was spoken. Ernest left all that the world held dear for him, and the sunshine of Margaret's life died out.

The summer days came and went, their long weary hours were dragged through somehow; everything went on as before, and yet all was changed. Mr. Villiers watched the girl with tender, anxious eyes. What ailed her, what had come over her the last few months.

The pretty color from her cheeks had faded, and the dancing, buoyant step seemed always listless and weary now. Surely there was something wrong. It was not that she was wayward or capricious, indeed it seemed as though her gentleness and sweet womanliness deepened with every day, and he saw her striving always to shape her views and wishes to his with a gratified delight.

And yet, and yet, all was not well. When the Squire, whose perception was never very keen, began to notice the change in his little girl, his heart sank, and he trembled lest the dread enemy who had carried off his fair, young wife, should have set his seal upon this treasure also.

"I'll tell you what it is, Villiers," he said, as the two men sat together over their wine in the dining room, while the faint music of Margaret's piano floated in through the open door.

"The child must go abroad. You must take her south, a winter away will set her up together, I cannot watch her fading like this. Let us have no more delay, she is young, but you will be father and husband in one to her, I shall not fear when once she is in your care."

And so Geoffrey Villiers pleaded gently with Margaret that evening, in the flower scented drawing room, as she sat at the grand piano, looking so slight and fragile in her white gown. But the girl wavered and hesitated still, and smiled away his anxiety for her health.

"Wait just a little longer, Geoffrey," she said, wistfully. "Indeed I am trying to get used to the idea."

"It has been a long trial already, Margaret," answered Mr. Villiers, "and I am growing tired of waiting. I am no longer a young man, I want you so much, and for your own sake, dearest, come to me, I will make your life happy, and you will grow quite well again, and rejoice your father's heart, he grieves so much about your altered looks."

The pleading grew stronger and stronger, till Margaret saw no way of escape. And by and by the wedding was arranged to take place before the winter set in. Vainly she tried to crush the thoughts and feelings those rose unbidden in her heart; sometimes she felt it was impossible, she must confess all to Geoffrey, and claim his forbearance and forgiveness. And then some new evidence of his love and care would fill her with agonising self-reproach, and she could not speak the words that almost rose to her lips.

Preparations were advancing now day by day for the wedding, when one morning Mr Villiers' man rode over with a note from Margaret, who was waiting the arrival of her fiance to discuss with him some important details in connection with the approaching ceremony.

Margaret broke the seal and glanced at the large, bold handwriting. What was there in the few words that made her face pale and her heart sicken? Only this: "My darling, I cannot come to you this morning, as I hoped to do. Have just received bad news; Ernest has met with a serious accident, a fall from his horse, and is lying very ill in his chambers. I go to him at once, but expect to return speedily. In haste, yours ever, GEOFFREY.

Margaret sank upon a low seat, and the note fluttered from her hands to the floor. This was the climax of all things. Ernest ill, dying perhaps, and she in ignorance, unable to go to him or see him. What if he died, and they never met again? She could not bear it any longer now.

As soon as Geoffrey came back she must tell him all; she could not marry him, come what may—and then her father, her dear, indulgent father would take her away—away from everyone—and she should busy herself in some distant place, where nobody would know her miserable story.

But the days passed, and Mr. Villiers did not return. Hurried notes were written, telling first of grave anxiety, "Ernest unconscious," then later, "Hope still left, but Ernest delirious and in a high fever."

It was imperative that Mr. Villiers remain close at hand, as he was his only near relative, and besides he was deeply attached to the boy. And while Margaret was wandering like a lost spirit up and down the long drive, straining her eyes always for the advent of the postman, Mr. Villiers was sitting in a darkened room, close beside the lad, who had ever been as dear as a son to him, listening to the wild, incoherent ravings of delirium. As he sat there, hour after hour, soothing him as gently as a woman, he heard over and over again the one cry of "Margaret, Margaret!" Then snatches of conversation, Margaret's pleadings, Ernest's reproaches, and bitter, reckless words, or sadder still, mad prayers that God would take his life, or at least his memory, and bring him back peace again.

Geoffrey Villiers sat like a man turned to stone. He could gather from the workings of that poor, fevered brain much of what the past had been—how these two young hearts had gone out to each other, and grown together; how they had decided in deep remorse, that they must part lest they should bring sorrow into his life.

In a flash Geoffrey's eyes were opened, and he saw the events of the past few months unrolled before him like a scroll. Ernest's visit, his hurried departure, Margaret's depression and gradual loss of health; then her reluctant consent to their speedy marriage, which, in his blindness, he had imagined was but the result of her girlish timidity in taking so great a step. Yes, all was clear as day; why had he not guessed it long before? There was yet time to avert the sorriest of all mistakes.

At first the blow fell heavily, and Mr. Villiers' disappointment was bitter indeed, but he had ample time there for calm reflection, and somehow, in spite of himself, a great wave of pity swept over his heart.

He was a proud man; that was well for him, and a man of quick decision and action. His mind was rapidly made up as to what course he should take. When Ernest came gradually back to life and reason, and was able to lie contentedly in the first dreamy stages of convalescence, Geoffrey told him quietly, and in few words, how he had become possessed of the secret, which he was well assured Ernest would have carried with him to his grave, had not the hand of fate intervened. How he exonerated both of them wholly from blame, how his first wish was for Margaret's real happiness. "And that, my boy, you will have in your keeping," he continued, "I surrender to you the dearest and most sacred trust in the world, see that you make her life what I should have striven to make it, only that I should have failed, and you—will succeed."

Cutting short the eager words of gratitude, mingled with murmurs of self-accusation which would have overwhelmed him, Geoffrey took the lad's thin hand in a warm, close clasp.

"Don't waste your strength, my boy, and don't fight against your own happiness. It was inevitable, and I was a fool to expect her to care for me, an old stager like her father. May cannot mate with December—no, nor even with October," he added, with a fleeting smile. "I am going to write to Margaret myself, and so the best thing you can do is to hurry up and get well."

Margaret's tears fell fast over the generous, tender letter that came to her, but they were only like the shower that comes before the passing of the clouds. "And now my dear," so the letter ended, "in a few more days, Nurse Oakham declares Ernest will be strong enough to see a visitor, who will not agitate him too seriously, and so I want you to come up with your father and help to complete his cure. I am leaving immediately for a long yachting expedition with my old friend Stanton. I should like you two young folks to make up your minds quickly as to a sunny spot, where you may both get quite strong, for remember, when I see little Margaret again, she must be as blooming as a rose."

And so it was that after a while when "time"—that never failing friend, who comes with so kindly and so subtle a hand to round off the sharp edges of pain, and smooth down the rugged corners in our life's pathway—had done his silent work, there was a joyous re-union at Elmdon; and Geoffrey Villiers returned, able to look with calm, glad eyes upon that radiant happiness, the fruits of his own generous surrender.

Scientific and Useful.

DESKS.—An Ohio man has invented a school desk in which the supports slide in two sockets in the base to make it adjustable for large or small pupils.

PADLOCKS.—Padlocks are being manufactured with an auxiliary chamber, which carries an explosive, to be fired by a hammer inside the lock and give an alarm when the lock is tampered with.

BY SITTING DOWN.—A patent has been granted for a motor for sewing machines and other light apparatus in which the motor is wound up by the weight of the operator sitting down. When the motor ceases to run the operator starts it again by simply rising from his seat and then sitting down. On the casing is a loose drive shaft on which is a loose gear wheel, a helical spring having one end fixed to the drive shaft and the other to the gear wheel, while a loose disc on the drive shaft has a flexible connection with a lever carried by the casing, the loose disc having a pawl engaging a ratchet disc.

Farm and Garden.

EGGS IN WINTER.—The secret of getting eggs in winter is to keep pullets, and keep them well. Fowls should have the run of a field and orchard, and as much corn, rice, and barleymeal as they want to eat, with a liberal supply of water.

SHYING.—There is no better way to break a horse of shying than to stop him and gently lead or drive him up to the object of his fear each time, talking to him pleasantly meanwhile. Whipping and harshness only increase the difficulty. If persistent kindness be employed the horse will soon control himself under trying circumstances if spoken to by his driver in an ordinary tone of voice.

LIME, PLASTER AND IRON.—A Paris journal says that the disastrous effects exerted by lime and plaster on iron should be kept in mind when building. If iron is plunged into freshly prepared lime rapid oxidation takes place. This soon reaches the heart of the iron, which in a short time undergoes a profound alteration in its resisting qualities. To this result must be added the expansion caused by increase in volume of the mass. On the other hand, cement seems to be an excellent preservative against rust. Such a covering is preferable to painting with red lead.

I have been using Jayne's Expectorant for the past THIRTY YEARS. During that time I have cured myself as well as the members of my family, of some very severe Colds. I consider it the very best and safest remedy made for the relief of all pulmonary troubles.—P. M. GREEN, Culbertson, Neb., Oct. 17, 1896.

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Of Deliberation.

A pleasant serenity awaits on the man who has made up his mind. He may be right or he may be wrong—that is a question for hereafter. At present his course of action is clear and approximately right. He has determined, perhaps after much careful deliberation, perhaps off-hand, that he will do this or do that; and there is an end to the matter until his action bears fruit, when he may smile or shed tears, according to circumstances. The man who has made up his mind is not necessarily a fool because his plans lead him astray.

There are people—many of them too—who absolutely cannot make up their minds. They spend their lives in trying to come to a decision on momentous questions, and die without having gained their end. They are like a woman who devotes so much time to making a selection between two possible hats that the season is gone by before her choice is made. Some show of modesty in one's views is perhaps better than to be crudely self-opinionated; but it is better to be bred full of prejudices and to stick to them than to be all through life a reed shaken by the wind.

For there is, after all, much to be said for prejudices, whether they are in favor of black or white. There is probably no exact truth about controversial matters. Each view of them contains some part of the truth, and your prejudice one way or the other helps you to see the most of the truth that lies nearest you. Take away your prejudices and begin to question carefully where the greater weight of truth lies, and you will probably conclude by declaring that there is no discernible truth. This is not by way of advocating prejudice or recommending you to shut your eyes to the other side of a question; we merely favor a healthy prejudice in preference to the desire for subtle differentiation which will see the last hair split before it declares for one side or the other.

The men who have made empires and the men who have made millions have invariably been men who knew how to make up their minds. It would hardly be possible to say of any of them that they have never made a false step. And with many of them a single false step had been fatal to themselves, if not to their work. But what they have done has been achieved not by the slow and steady process to which most of us are condemned, but by bold and fearless strokes of enterprise. It has not been a simple lottery. They have seen far ahead, and seen clearly, and their success has lain in the clearness of their vision as well as in the boldness of their strokes. It would be an idle doctrine to preach, that nothing is wanting to success but the making up of one's mind. More than half of us, no doubt, would make up our minds wrongly on any given point when momentous issues are at stake.

Fine perception and a telescopic view are needed before the chances of a decision are in our favor. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we would advance the plea that one should cultivate assiduously the practice of quickly making up one's mind. It is not to be done by the toss of a penny or by a mere off-hand choice which is backed by no reason; but, finding oneself in what is apparently a blind-alley, it is better to move forward in any direction with a view to discovering a way out than not to move forward at all.

We do not disguise the fact that it is difficult to lay down a general rule on such a matter as the making up of one's mind. Circumstances present us with such varying aspects of a case that it is well-nigh impossible to say one should always come to a final decision. But we think it should always be possible to come to some immediate decision, though the end is not seen. A question presents itself for the first time and demands to be settled. If it is one which concerns yourself alone—one in which you are, so to say, the master of the situation—it is well to decide it out of hand, and to start forward along a certain line until you find reason to believe that you are taking a false course. But at other times you see at once that there are other persons and outside circumstances to be considered. You have however begun well if you see thus much, and if you know how to set about arriving at a decision. You say if So-and-so wishes so-and-so, it will affect your plans to such and such an extent. Or, if such and such circumstances happen, or are likely to happen—with which you may try to acquaint yourself—it will again need certain modifications in what would otherwise be your plan.

For peace of mind there is nothing to equal the ability to come to a speedy decision. A life spent in debating questions of procedure is a troublous one, full of anxiety, and deteriorating to character. It is well to cultivate the habit of looking well into things, of understanding as far as is possible the bearings of life, of knowing your own powers and limitations. Then, whatever change of circumstances may come, whatever the requirements of your surroundings, you will know how to seize an opportunity and make the best of it, or to grapple with adversity and render its sting as light as possible. But, by making a fetich of too carsful deliberation, you may get landed in perplexities out of which it is almost impossible to extricate yourself.

THERE are persons whose refinement goes no further than to demand the greatest possible luxury and tenderness for themselves. They are proud of their acute sensibilities; they cannot endure an unpleasant sight or sound, taste or smell; they cannot bear to witness pain or distress; they cannot submit to a hardship or brook a privation. In like manner, they are so sensitive that a rough or careless word wounds them to the quick; a criticism or rebuke crushes them like a positive cruelty. But here their sensitiveness stops, their refinement comes to an end. Their keen sensibilities are not called into play for others; they are comparatively indifferent to a suffering they cannot see, and thoughtless as to the pain they may inflict. Their gentle voices can utter cutting and sarcastic words; their polite and courteous manner veils but thinly a hard and unfeeling heart. The refinement with which we have credited them is but a thin veneer, which does not penetrate beneath the surface.

THE influence of a grand and noble deed is great, and may extend indefinitely, but so may the influence of a life full of smaller and less conspicuous deeds, esteemed trifling by both doer and receiver. Many a man and many a woman, living quietly and modestly, making no pretentions of any sort of eminence, and perhaps possessing no great powers of any kind, are yet, by their pure and sweet natures, their loving and unselfish impulses, their loyalty to truth and adherence to principle, exercising an immense power over the hearts and lives of others, stimulating their better natures, rousing their energies, and inspiring them with noble ideals.

WORK drives away depression, whets the appetite for food, invites sleep, promotes digestion, strengthens the muscles and sinews, gives free circulation to the blood, stimulates the intellectual faculties, provides the comforts of life, develops all the powers which it brings into exercise, transforms stupid ignorance into brilliant genius, fills the world with works of art and literature, and develops the resources of nature. Nothing can stand before work.

THERE is one social dishonor about which no one thinks it worth while to say much in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential, if haply a high sense of honor were the rule.

TRUE kindness is not exhausted in conferring benefits—it delights in creating happiness of every kind; and he who makes his presence in itself a source of gladness to all who come under its influence has learned a secret in which much of the welfare and joy of humanity is enfolded.

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of—that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error—more humility to acknowledge it and more grace to correct it.

WE have what seems to be great opportunities, and pass through them unimproved; and again, a very trifle shall turn, unexpectedly, the whole course of our habits and motives henceforth.

THE shortness of life is bound up with its fulness. It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and for things, that life seems short.

THE first duty in this world for a man is to pay his way; that being accomplished, he may then indulge in a little extravagance, but emphatically not till then.

To let a man know that you recognise and rejoice in some good quality of his is to bless him with new hope and stimulus.

Correspondence.

MYRIE.—It would be the place of the person who had left to write first, giving particulars as to his or her safe arrival. But it is surely not necessary to stand on ceremony with intimate friends.

S. B. N.—Iceland moss is the name of a plant which grows in the most barren parts of Iceland and in other cold countries. The Icelanders make both bread and soup of it, and it is given to cattle, sheep, swine, and deer. Blanc-mange is often made of it; also confectionery.

C. H.—Brooklyn, New York, was incorporated in 1646 by the Dutch authorities of New Amsterdam, as New York was then called, and named Breukelen, from a town of the same name in the Netherlands. It was incorporated as a township under its present name in April, 1806, and as a city in 1834. In 1855, Brooklyn, Williamsburg and Brunswick were united under one government. These are all the changes that precede the Greater New York consolidation.

CURIOUS.—Ancientiy beans were thought especially to belong to the dead. The Greeks and Romans always used them at funerals, and the latter gave away doles of beans always on the day of sepulture. Indeed, in the Lemuria, festivals instituted to conciliate the manes of the wicked dead, beans were scattered upon the graves of the departed; and Plutarch, who lived in the beginning of the second century, tells us that "pulse is of the highest efficacy for invoking the souls of the dead;" and this notion he probably entertained in common with other literary men of the period, for Pliny records that Pythagoras interdicted the use of this pulse for culinary purposes, because "beans contain the souls of the dead."

L. G. T.—The device of the lily or fleur de lys, on the national escutcheon of France, was assumed by Louis VII., A. D. 1137-1180, as his own royal ensign, and it was subsequently charged upon a true shield of arms. But the original device on the national shield, it is said, consisted of frogs; and to this fact may be attributed the sobriquet "frogs," as applied to Frenchmen, the idea being accentuated by the fact of eating frogs as a dainty, and is quite an acquired taste. The use of distinctive national devices is very ancient. Thus, the eagle was the emblem of Persia and imperial Rome; the ox, of Egypt; the owl, of Athens; and the dragon, of China and Japan. But heraldry as it is now understood is supposed to have originated in the necessity in battle and tournaments of some insignia by which to distinguish persons concealed by their armor, which led to the adoption of personal devices.

LESLIE.—You ask for a cure for absent-mindedness. Your thoughts wander, you are far away when spoken to, and the moment when you recall yourself and come home is not agreeable; it makes you seem negligent and sometimes foolish. We are sorry to say that we feel inclined to look on your failing with a lenient eye. We are well aware how easy it is, how natural indeed, for some people to pass suddenly from the present and actual into a dream. But we are also well aware of the penalties, and so we must not weakly excuse the fault. It is a fault to be absent-minded. Some of the most reflective and fanciful people in the world can be continuously alert and practical when their attention is required. Those who are not absent-minded do not guess what others have to resist. It is not the doing of work so much as the remembering of the hundred details that have to be constantly borne in mind which makes the difficulty of the task. You have no need to be discouraged and to think of giving up because of your occasional lapses into cloudland; better resolve the more to think of your work while you are at work. The same wandering of the fancy would follow you in any other employment. You must make the best you can of yourself in spite of your imperfection, remembering that you are not without compensations, as your thoughtful well-expressed letter shows. Try your hardest to dream only at the right time. There is no remedy but resolute attention all the while.

FREDERICA J.—Bridal presents are, at the present, an important part of the etiquette of marriage. The origin of the custom is not of recent date. Grecian historians tell us that in their day a wedding was an occasion for gorgeous display, and that friends vied with each other in the costly munificence and beauty of their gifts; in vessels of gold and silver, precious jewels, vases, articles of ornament, ointment-boxes of pure gold, magnificent wearing apparel, and also household appurtenances, such as tables, couches, etc., from which the gifts of the present do not essentially differ. The presents, with the cards of the givers attached, are sent some days before the reception, that they may be displayed on the occasion. 2. Finger-rings were not originally adopted as mere ornaments, but from very ancient times were symbols of authority or emblems of rank and power. The custom of wearing engagement rings is thought to have originated with the Romans, who used rings in making agreements, grants, etc. And in those olden times the delivering of the signet-ring to any one was a sign of confidence. At the present day, the exchange of rings, as a pledge of betrothal, expresses the agreement between the parties engaged. The form of the ring symbolises eternity and constancy, and so is a fitting emblem of fidelity.

IN FROST AND GLOOM.

BY K. N.

Summer blossoms all have vanished
'Neath the winter's frost and gloom,
But the air about is freighted
With a subtle, sweet perfume
That seems stealing from my casket,
Where two faded roses lie
That were culled one fragrant evening,
'Neath the starlit summer sky.

Winter snows may fall and cover
All the earth in robes of white,
Stormy clouds may darkly lower,
Bloom decay neath chilling blight;
But bright sunshine and sweet perfume
From my path will ne'er depart,
For the love within me glowing
Makes a summer in my heart.

My Patient.

BY M. G.

"WELL, I believe this old barn of a house is haunted!" I affirm positively.

"Couldn't you choose a more appropriate time for saying so than ten o'clock at night, when we are all alone in it?" says Ethel, with indignant sarcasm and an apprehensive glance over her shoulder.

"How can three people be all alone?" I ask scornfully.

"Very well," replies Bertie, "if they are not together."

"But we are together," I return, with a laugh—"and bickering as usual."

This is quite true. We are together—Bertie, Ethel, and I; but we are alone, inasmuch as that our father, the village doctor, is not with us. If he were, we should not in all probability be sitting over a blazing kitchen fire roasting chestnuts and indulging in personalities as we are now doing.

Earlier in the day father was sent for to Merton Manor, six or seven miles distant, to attend Sir Francis Merton; and later on, just when the February dusk was beginning to fall, we three young people received a short message telling us we need not to expect him home that night, as Sir Francis' attack was very severe, and as likely as not to prove fatal.

I think, in other circumstances, father would have thought long before leaving his three "chicks" to spend a long dark winter night alone in such a dismal isolated old barn as Marsh Lodge. But there is one word which will account without much further explanation for his doing so, and that one word is "poverty."

It is scarcely a year since our father bought the practice of Doctor Denman and came to live at Marsh Lodge; but he has found since then that Low-marsh, although an unhealthy district, is also a poor one, and there are not many such patients as the master of Merton Manor, and therefore he must not be lightly lost.

This being the case, poor father had to choose between two evils, leaving his little ones alone and unprotected for a whole dreary winter night, or perchance depriving them of many a little comfort in the time to come. He has chosen the lesser evil; and I applaud him for it, and determine not to mind being left alone; yet I unwisely turn the conversation upon ghosts. Was there ever a Solomon of twenty? Only one, I believe.

I am the eldest, Ethel being only seventeen and Bertie three years younger, and therefore I ought to have made them regard me a.. a protecting power; but instead, I have already caused Ethel to shiver and look apprehensive, while Bertie is receiving my remarks with undisguised scoffing, which certainly indicates the superior strength of his mind.

We are not much alike for relatives—in fact, we are distinctly dissimilar. Ethel is small and fair, with a rosebud mouth and large clear eyes; she is like what our mother was. I, on the other hand, am tall, lithe and brown-haired, with a short nose, a large mouth, and changeful eyes which are neither gray nor blue nor black. I resemble my father.

As for Bertie, he is so unlike any of our relatives whom we remember, that we are obliged to comfort ourselves by saying that he takes after some far-back ancestor. He has big brown eyes, a round brown face, a short nose, large mouth, and splendid teeth, and altogether is one of those ugly lovable boys who often grow up to be the most fascinating of men, despite apparent personal disadvantages.

Ethel and I are clad in decidedly shabby black dresses which are part of our mourning for our mother, who died two years ago, and whose death was the main cause of our leaving our comfortable London home, for poor father could never afterwards bear the house that had been so long made happy by her serene and gracious presence.

The fire blazes and burns, and the chestnuts roast and pop, and outside the east winds howls round the chimney-stacks, at the same time shaking the shrunken window-frames.

"I sha'n't like going to bed to-night," says Ethel, shivering and drawing her stool closer to the fire.

"Well, we need not go, Bertie suggests. "We can stay here, and if we keep the fire up all night, we shall not have to light it in the morning."

"They do keep up their fires all night in the North," I say.

"But they don't sit up to mind them," replies Bertie.

"Why do you think this house is haunted?" asks Ethel, who cannot get over my rash statement. Having greatly repented of my thoughtlessness, I wish the subject dropped; but Ethel is persistent.

"I don't know that I think so," I answer indifferently.

"You said you did!" cries Ethel.

"Come, Nell," says Bertie, "make a clean breast of it. Have you seen anything?"

"No!" disdainfully.

"Heard anything?"

"Yes."

"Ah—what?"—in a breathless whisper from Ethel.

"The old clock in the hall"—composedly.

"That is not a straightforward answer," declares Bertie solemnly. "Come—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"That is the truth," I assert.

"But not the whole truth," my brother persists. "Come—tell us all. Is it that at the witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead—"

"Oh, don't, Bertie!" cries Ethel. "You are a horrid boy!"

"On the contrary," responds Bertie, in a declamatory tone, "I am a nice little boy; and all I can say is that, if there is a ghost in this house, we must make him welcome and greet him cordially, or violate the law of sacred hospitality. There, Mr. Ghost, if you are invisibly present, make yourself at home, I beg, and help yourself to a chestnut or two, if so be as they don't disagree with you so late at night."

"Oh, Bertie," cries Ethel, with a mingled anger and apprehension, "how can you be so profane? It's just the way to make something appear, and then you would be sorry."

"Not at all," returns Bertie. "Ghosts, like the measles, are the better for coming out and showing themselves. Measles in a non-eruptive form is a most insidious disease and highly dangerous. Ghosts, too, when invisible, are objectionable to a degree, causing cold draughts in all sorts of unexpected place and various disagreeable and inexplicable sensations, all of which are far worse than having a good fright and getting over it."

"I am constrained to smile; but, seeing the apprehension and timidity on Ethel's countenance, and knowing how nervous she is, I deem it advisable to interfere.

"Now," I say, "I am not going to have you two bickering until midnight, so I shall just explain my remark to you, and show you how groundless all your nonsense is. What caused me to make that stupid speech about the house being haunted was that for the last few weeks I have awakened every morning just in time to hear the clock strike four, after which I have gone to sleep again.

There is a moment's silence, then Bertie says:

"What a bad habit!" And he breaks into a peal of laughter.

Suddenly we are disturbed by the dull resonant clang coming from the empty hall. It makes Ethel shriek and causes Bertie's mouth and eyes to open to their widest extent.

"The night-bell!" I cry; and rising promptly to my feet, I take the reflector lamp from the mantel-shelf and start across the kitchen.

"Who can it be?" cries Bertie in an undertone.

"We must find out," I say.

I leave the kitchen, followed by the others. The feeble light of my lamp seems but to increase the darkness of the large hall.

"Whoever it is, I will interview them without opening the door," I say; and handing the lamp to Archie, I kneel down upon the mat and place my lips close to the keyhole.

"Who's there?" I begin.

"It's Dan'l Dabb," replies a gruff voice, which I recognize with relief as that of the village carrier. "T' doctor's wanted."

"Where?" is my next question.

"Up at t' White House. T' new folk have a child sick."

I turn with a blank face to Bertie, who stands behind me.

"Those people who have just taken the White House furnished," I whisper. "Is it not just poor dad's luck to have a good patient come when he is away and can't attend the case?"

"Just," says Bertie. "They'll go to the opposition man, as sure as fate, when they find that dad's not at home. It's only a child; couldn't we send something?"

We gaze perplexedly at one another for half a minute, and then sounds from without indicate that Dan is becoming impatient.

"Stay," I cry to Bertie—"I have an idea. We will not let this chance go so easily." Then once more I apply my lips to the keyhole. "The doctor's not in just now, Dan," I say; "but come around to the kitchen entrance. I think I can do something for you."

"So Doctor Chetwynd ain't in?" Dan remarks, as he enters the kitchen. "Well, they won't catch me goin' four mile further on to Doctor Hudson in this cold wind and sleet—thet I know."

Doctor Hudson is the "opposition man," at the mention of whose name I tremble.

"No, papa is not in," I say hurriedly; but I want to ask you a question or two, Dan. It's a child, you say?"

"Oh, yes; it's a child, sure enough," replies Daniel, "fur the mother she were a-wringing her hands an' a-saying, 'Oh, my boy, my boy—I know as how he'll die!' She don't seem to have much pluck for sure, an' has no one with her but a chit of a thing in a smart cap."

"And what's the matter?" I ask in a business-like tone. "Measles, chicken-pox?"

"No," Dan answers; "I hearn her say as it were brankiters, sure enough, all along the marshes."

"Bronchitis—ah, bronchitis!" I ponder a while, and then say, "Sit down a minute, Dan. And Ethel, draw Dan a glass of ale, will you?"

While my sister goes for the ale, I beckon Bertie outside the kitchen.

"Look here, Bertie," I say hurriedly—"I know nearly as much about children's ailments as papa does; and I understand the immediate requirements for bronchitis. I will go back with Dan to the White House and do what I can for the child, and in the morning papa can come; then he will not lose the case."

Bertie stares at me in blank amazement.

"You!" he exclaims. "Well, you are a plucky one, Nell; but I don't like you to go, dear;" and he flings his arms around my neck and kisses me.

"Ah, but I am going!" I say. "I shall do almost as well as dad, and—and Doctor Hudson shall not have the case." Then, with an injunction to him to tell Ethel, I run off to prepare for my journey.

Five minutes later I stand in the kitchen quite ready to start, wearing a long gray waterproof, the hood of which is drawn over my head, and carrying in my hand a small black bag in which are one or two remedies I have hurriedly but carefully selected from the surgery.

"So your're a-going to be doctor?" says Dan, with a chuckle. "Well, I guess a nurse is as good as a doctor any day, ef she hev a sensible head on her shoulders."

"Yes, Dan," I reply. "I understand doctoring children very well, thanks to papa's teaching; and he can come to-morrow. You'll take me up in your cart, won't you, Dan?"

"For sure," says Dan, regarding me with stolid admiration: "but it ain't much of a night for a lady to be abroad, certainly."

* * * * *

"Here's t' doctor; and now I guess I'll home to bed!"—and with an evident sense of having performed his part of the business with credit, Dan departs, leaving me in the brightly-lighted hall of the White House, the door of which has been opened by a smartly-dressed servant-maid, whom I suppose to be the "chit" mentioned by the carrier. She stares at me for about half a minute with a perplexed and amazed expression, and then I endeavor to awaken her intellect.

"I have come in place of the doctor," I say in my most business-like tone. "Will you kindly let your mistress know I am here?"

The girl stares at me for a moment longer with her mouth wide open, and then says:

"I will tell Mrs. Scrope."

She disappears up the stairs, and left alone, I proceed to divest myself of my wet cloak, which I spread out upon the hat-stand, and thoroughly dry my boots upon the mat.

Then I turn to inspect one or two pictures hanging on the walls of the hall, and while I am doing so there is a swish of silk, a sound of light footsteps, and down the stairs rushes a little figure in a rich silk dressing-gown, with folds of white lace about her head.

Mrs. Scrope—for she of course it is—hurries up to me with hands extended and excited words upon her lips.

She is not young, I decide at a glance, though it would be difficult to tell her real age with such youthful-looking flaxen hair and such a haggard blond face, where traces of much former prettiness are visible in spite of tear-stains and wrinkles.

"Where is the doctor?" she cries breathlessly. "Has he not come? Oh, what am I to do? My boy is so ill—so ill! I am afraid he has bronchitis, and I know nothing of sickness. Oh, why has the doctor not come?"

The sight of such a helpless little woman makes me feel as though I possessed the strength of a giant. Her distress calms me and adds to my confidence. Placing my hands upon hers, I explain the cause of the doctor's non-appearance.

"Papa is away attending a case," I explain; "but I am sure I shall be able to do something for you. Papa has taught me a great deal; I understand children's ailments. Pray have confidence in me!"

She looks up at me perplexedly for a moment, and then murmurs:

"You are so young!"

"In years—yes," I agree with a smile—"but not perhaps in experience. Trust me to-night, and my father will be here to-morrow."

She is silent again for a little while, looking up at me with anxiety and bewilderment; then, apparently reassured by my calm and confident bearing, she draws me towards the stairs.

"Yes—perhaps you will be able to do something for him; I can do nothing!" she says in a tone of despair that touches me.

We go together up the stairs and along the comfortably-carpeted corridor, passing on our way the gaping and still bewildered maid, who evidently regards me in the light of a curiosity.

"Wilson is no comfort," Mrs. Scrope remarks petulantly; "and as we left home suddenly, she is the only servant I brought away with me. I am very unfortunate!"—and then she bursts into tears.

On tip-toe my guide enters a room; I follow silently, eager to help the little sufferer. It is a large and rather low-ceiled room—the White House is old-fashioned—furnished in dark wood and lighted dimly by a shaded lamp and a fire half dying in the grate.

Mrs. Shrope approaches the bed and draws aside the curtain. I bend solicitiously over the bed, and then, with a great start, draw back and stand as if turned to stone.

Child! It is no child I have come to tend, but a man half a dozen years my senior, and a man, despite all the disorder of illness, handsomer than any other I have ever seen.

With a blanched and distressed face, I turn to the woman by my side, and say:

"Is this your son?" I thought he was a child."

"A child?"

"Yes—Dan said 'a boy.'"

"And because he is not a child," she cries, grasping my arm in sudden panic, "you cannot help him—you can do nothing for him? Oh, my boy, my Bernard—you will die!"

Her shrill wail of distress reaches the dim senses of the sufferer, and he moves restlessly, murmuring:

"Poor little mother."

"Hush," I whisper huskily—"do not make that noise; it will disturb him. He has symptoms of fever. I thought it was a child who was ill; but perhaps I can do something for him. I will do what I can."

"Oh, yes, I know you can do something!" says the mother sobbing and still

clinging to my hand. "It cannot make a great difference whether it is a child or not, if you understand medicine."

"Will you kindly answer a question or two?" I say. "How long has your son been like this?"

"He got wet to the skin while crossing the marshes yesterday, and has felt ill ever since; but this afternoon he became much worse."

"Has he been delirious?" I ask.

"Yes—that is what has frightened me so," she replies; "and now for a long time he has been lying as he is at present, in a stupor?"

I bend over my patient until my ear is close to his fever-flushed cheek; I listen to his irregular troubled respiration, and taking his muscular wrist between my slender fingers, I feel his accelerated pulse. I believe my own pulse is scarcely more steady than his, and the heavy beating of my heart is almost audible. I turn to Mrs. Scrope.

"Will you tell your servant to come and make up the fire?" I say. "I shall want to prepare a plaster, and the room must be kept at one temperature."

She goes at once to comply with my request; and no sooner has the train of her silk dressing-gown disappeared than I sink upon my knees at the bedside and pray. I pray as I have never prayed in my life before. I pray for forgiveness for having perhaps risked a fellow-creature's life by my rash and mercenary plan; I pray for strength, for guidance, and for help; and at the end of the passionate appeal I am at least calmer.

I carry out the plan I should have followed had my patient really been a child, applying the simple remedies I have brought with me. Only once does my patient open his eyes and gaze into mine—fine dark eyes they are, but dimmed at present, and expressing no surprise at seeing a strange face. The young man is still restless and in a half-delirious stupor.

My hand is naturally cool—to-night it is colder than usual; I lay it upon his hot forehead. This is evidently grateful, for a faint sigh of relief escapes him, and he becomes quieter.

"I do believe he is better; his breathing is easier," the little woman beside me whispers pathetically.

Mrs. Scrope has been dutifully following my directions and aiding me in tending her evidently much-loved "boy." I turn to her.

"Get me some eau-de-Cologne," I request; "I will bathe his head."

I am promptly obeyed, and a moment later I am damping the patient's hot forehead and short dark hair with the cool fragrant water, while Mrs. Scrope, sitting at the foot of the bed, silently watches me.

Within the sick-room the firelight leaps and dances and the quietude deepens; without, the storm increases in violence, the wind whistles round the house, and the rain splashes against the windows.

My patient sleeps. Silently the weary hours pass away.

* * * * * *

"Dad, dear dad!"

"My own brave darling."

Returning sooner than he expected from Merton Manor, and hearing at home of my "case," my dear father, all wet and tired as he is, has come to the White House to render me assistance. Never in all my life, immeasurably dear as he has always been to me, have the bowed white head and noble care-lined face been so welcome as to-night.

"And your patient, darling?" he says questioningly, as I nestle in his arms. "How is the little one?"

"The little one? Oh, dad, that is the worst of it! It is not a child at all, but a man. I have done my best, but oh, I am so glad you are come!"

My father looks grave.

"Then I am indeed wanted," he says. "I will lose no more time, but will go to the sick-room at once."

I lead the way, explaining matters as we go; and outside the door of the sick-room father leaves me after a close embrace and telling me to "be of good cheer."

I settle myself cosily in the deep seat of the landing-window and trace diagrams on the wet panes, while I look out over the dreary expanse of vast marshland beyond the garden of the White House.

I am apprehensive, but feel an intense relief in the presence of my father, for, with with unbounded confidence in his skill, which I think sufficient to snatch one from the very jaws of death, I am more than content in believing that the work I so poorly began will now be satisfactorily concluded. I have the satisfaction of knowing that "my patient" is not worse, but better, if anything, and if I have done only a little good, I have at least done no harm.

"If you please, miss, I've brought you a cup of hot coffee; and I do wish you would come downstairs; I have a roaring fire in the dining-room and breakfast laid out before it."

I turn and behold Wilson. The girl may not be of much account in sickness, but there is some good in her.

"I am so anxious about my patient, Wilson," I say, smiling, "that I don't believe I could touch a bit of breakfast till I have heard papa's latest report. But you are very kind."

"Oh, I'm sure you've done him a sight of good, miss!" says Wilson. "Do come downstairs! The fire's lovely, and you look perished."

The fragrance of the coffee is inviting, the idea of the bright blazing fire is more so; therefore, after a moment more of hesitation, I follow Wilson downstairs.

Here, half an hour later, Mrs. Scrope and my father discover me. I fly to his arms, and my eyes eagerly scan his countenance, asking the question my lips dare not utter.

"You have done well," he says reassuringly; "and your patient"—with a smile—"is progressing favorably."

My feelings have been greatly tried, the relief from suspense is overpowering, and hiding my face in my father's shoulder, I burst into tears.

"She is only a little woman, after all," my father says to Mrs. Scrope, as he lovingly strokes my rough brown head.

"But such a brave one," she returns kindly; and her words cheer me.

"I'm sure I don't deserve so much praise," I remark, raising my face and showing smiles and tears. "I feel that I ought to do something more for it."

"Well," says my father as, at Mrs. Scrope's invitation, we seat ourselves at the breakfast table, "perhaps you will be required to do something more. What do you say to staying in the capacity of sick-nurse? Mrs. Scrope wishes it very much."

"I want her company," that lady puts in; "she is such a comfort."

I hesitate. I love my home and am the ruling spirit there in domestic matters.

"You think it derogatory to sink into a humble nurse after having been head physician?" queries my father, smiling.

"It is not that," I murmur; "but how will you all get on at home?"

"Pretty well perhaps. We sha'n't mind sacrificing a few comforts." Then, after a pause—"'Where duty calls,'" he whispers in my ear.

"Do you think it my duty?" I say, with a quick upward look.

"It is our duty to help one another," he answers.

Still I hesitate. Will his slippers be always ready warmed for him at night when he returns home wet and weary from work among the poor cottages? Will his frugal luncheon be waiting at the moment when he rushes in hurriedly to partake of it? Will Bertie have his dearly-loved pudding for dinner? Will Ethel be able to——

"Stay and complete the good work you have begun," my father advises. I glance across at Mrs. Scrope.

"If you only would!" she pleads pathetically.

I hesitate no longer.

"I will stay," I cry brightly, "if you think I shall be any comfort to you."

The little woman, impulsive as she is childish, runs to me, flings her arms around my neck and kisses me.

* * *

"And so you are going to leave us to-morrow?"

Bernard's athletic form is resting upon a couch which a tiger-skin rug renders more delightfully luxurious. It stands between the French window and the open steel grate where a clear fire burns; and from this position "my patient" can command a view of a very comfortable interior, the drawing-room at the White House, or a somewhat chilly exterior, the hillside garden. Moreover he can command a view of me. I do not suppose I am very interesting—a demure figure in a little low chair by the window, my feet half buried in a white sheepskin rug, my eyes fixed upon the book in my lap.

"Yes." I raise my head to answer his question, and meet the full gaze of his warm hazel eyes fixed upon me.

"Do you think I am well enough to go out now?"—with a smile.

"Papa does."

"But do you? I am your patient, you know."

"I think you are well enough to go out," is my reply.

I think he has made the most of his illness. I have been at the White House a fortnight, and during that time he has successfully kept up the role of invalid, or rather convalescent, insisting on my father's continued visits, demanding constant attention and petting from Mrs. Scrope or myself, although I am the principal sufferer, requesting to be read to, sung to, and waited upon, and through all so wheedling and sweet-tempered that to deny him an indulgence or infer that he was partly shamming would be a sheer impossibility. And here he is this morning extended full-length upon his tiger-skin, looking strong enough to be doing a ten-mile walk across the marshes.

"If I were to have a relapse, I suppose you would see me safely through it?" he questions.

"You won't have a relapse," I reply staidly.

"Oh, I might, you know!"—looking as if he contemplated it. "You would stay, wouldn't you?"

"I am afraid not"—thinking it unwise to encourage him in the idea. "I am wanted at home."

"Yes"—meditatively—"so I should think. I can fully comprehend your being wanted at home—or anywhere."

To this I make no reply, but keep my eyes upon my book.

"If I were an artist, I should go away and paint a picture," he says after a pause.

"Naturally that would be your object in life."

"One of my objects—yes," he acquiesces. "Do you know what the subject of my picture would be?"

"No. How should I?" 'Dutch Boats in a Gale' perhaps, or—or a landscape with or without cattle, as the case might be—or something Venetian, Turneresque and flaming. Or you might have leanings towards the woman of Samaria, in a costume of the seventeenth century."

"No"—smiling—"none of those. My picture would be more simple. The subject would be a young girl seated by a low window, through which a glimpse of a gray February landscape was just visible. A demure little figure she would be, with a soft womanly face, a plain black dress, and folded hands. The background would be a dark crimson curtain, and a ray of pale sunshine falling across her bowed head would transform her rough brown hair into an aureole of red gold."

For a moment our eyes meet; then I glance out across the garden to where the pale snowdrops drop their tender heads above the dark earth.

"A very nice picture," I remark critically—"only dreadfully ordinary. The crimson curtain is stereotyped, isn't it?"

"But it is true to the original."

"Perhaps so; but I am sure, if you were an artist, you would produce something better than that."

"I might"—raising himself slightly and speaking more eagerly. "For instance, the same girl, her face looking even more divinely womanly, and with a gentle anxiety darkening her eyes, just visible in a dim light, bending over a bed on which a sick man is lying, her hands no longer idle, but tenderly bathing his aching head, while her lips almost unconsciously move in prayer. Is that better?"

His voice has quickened with excitement, and as I meet the flash of his hazel eyes, a flood of crimson dyes my cheek. Impulsively I rise up, turn my back to him and look out of the window. There is a pause.

"I am good now and quite calm," says a wheedling voice. "Please sit down once more and let me talk to you."

I seat myself sedately.

"I'm afraid I'm a spoiled child," remarks Mr. Scrope, when I am fairly settled. "But if I were not, I should not now be here."

"Meaning at the White House?"

"Meaning at the White House," he replies, smiling. "And now that we are on the subject, do you think I am well enough to take a long railway journey?"

"Yes"—thoughtfully—"if you are careful."

"Wrap up and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes."

"Foot-warmers and so on?"

"Yes"—smiling.

"Then I must certainly go to Northshire to-morrow."

"To Northshire?"

"Yes," he replies; "and thereby hangs a tale, which, with your permission, I will relate to you."

Having received my permission, he proceeds.

"As you know, I received a letter this morning. Well, that letter was from my grandfather—my mother's father—who lives on his estate, Northwold, in Northshire. Until we came here a month ago, my mother and I also lived at Northwold with my grandfather, and there we thought we should continue to live until the end of all things, or of us. As you also know, I am the only son of my mother, and she is a widow. My father, being wealthy, left me independent, therefore I am my own master. When people are their own masters, they naturally are apt on occasion to remember it. I have an estate of my own in Surrey, but just for the sake of sociability, we three, mamma, my grandfather, and myself, live together mostly at Northwold, which will also be mine some day. Well, our living together doesn't quite answer; we are not sociable. My grandfather is subject to gout; he is also subject to temper.

"I am subject to temper when interfered with unduly. My grandfather has an attack of gout and temper together. He interferes with me—I retort; he becomes abusive—I become irritated; he grows furious—I become enraged. Further, he becomes frenzied—I ironical. Finally we part. I pack up my mother's belongings, I make prisoners of my mother and her maid, and I depart with them all in a hired cab, vowing never to set foot in Northwold again. I do not go to my place in Surrey, because it is under repair—I go to an hotel; and then I come here, where I get a chill. You know the rest."

"Yes—up to a certain point," I reply. "But now you are going back to Northwold?"

"Yes—so much for my vow. My grandfather has written. He is repentant; he apologizes, and begs us to return. I am repentant, softened by adversity; and my mother is pining for her old home and her father. Therefore I am going to sacrifice myself and return." He pauses a moment, then with a comical glance, adds, "Now you know all about my mother, my grandfather and myself."

"Yes"—reflectively. "And so you are going away from the White House for good?"

"Yes; but I don't give up possession. It is mine for a year."

There is silence; then I am startled by a sigh—startled the more because the sigh is my own. I look up and find my companion regarding me fixedly.

"Is it not time for me to have my draught, Miss Chetwynd?" he inquires.

"No," I reply, after consulting the timepiece, "it is not."

"Ah, I thought it was. But you can come over here all the same."

"I am very comfortable where I am."

"Yes; but I am not comfortable. I want you. Come—do come! My pillow is so lumpy."

What an impatient boy he is. There is little doubt as to his being a spoiled child. I go under protest and arrange his pillow as he requests, although it needs no arrangement. When I have done, he catches my hands in his.

"Come with me to-morrow," he says.

"With you?"

"Yes—with me—with us—to Northwold"—looking up eagerly.

"What for?"

"To be introduced to my grandfather!"—with a laugh.

"I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure."

"But why?"

"I am wanted at home."

"But I also want you."

"Not now; you are quite well."

"I want you, well or ill!" he cries impatiently. "I want you always. Come with me, darling, and stay with us till we can be married and go to my place in Surrey."

I endeavor to draw away my hands, but he holds them tightly. I have nowhere to hide my scarlet cheeks, and I dare not meet his ardent eyes.

"I love you, darling," he whispers, drawing me nearer. You know I love you. I have loved you ever since the night when, in my half-conscious state, I saw you kneeling beside my bed and praying so earnestly for my recovery—the night when you left your comfortable fireside and traveled through rain and wind that your father might not lose a patient. "Oh, my Nell, I can never live without you."

He releases my hand and draws me to him in a close embrace.

"Don't!" I cry, endeavoring to escape. "You pain me—you do indeed—for I cannot marry you."

"And yet you love me"—putting me back to look into my face—"or why that look of sorrow when I told you I was going away?"

"I could not leave poor papa," I whisper faintly, for tears are very near my eyes. "He has just lost his position, he has lost mamma, and I am his greatest comfort in this dreary place."

He regards me for a moment with a strange beautiful softening of his dark eyes; all the impatient passion of a minute back had given place to a great tenderness.

"That is your only reason?" he asks.

I nod, for the tears have welled over by this time and I cannot trust my voice.

"You are right—quite right. But remember, although I yield you to your father for a time, spoiled children will have their way."

Then, as he releases me and I stand free, a wild longing comes over me for him to take me in his arms once more and let me rest my head upon his broad shoulder.

Later on my father pays his morning visit, more friendly than professional, accompanied by Ethel, who looks fresh and fair in her round black velvet hat and dark tweed ulster. My brother and sister, at Mrs. Scrope's invitation, have in turns to accompany father on his daily visit to the White House, and we have all become much at home together. Mrs. Scrope and Ethel are fast friends. They have congenial tastes in modes and millinery, and talk of fashions by the hour.

As we are partaking of wine and biscuits and chatting merrily, Bernard Scrope and I afford but little evidence of recent events. His eyes perhaps seek mine more often than usual, but he is as gay and talkative as ever; and if I am very quiet as I sit with my hand in my father's, that is not noticed, for I am generally so.

Ethel, on a stool at Mrs. Scrope's feet, is youth and happiness personified, the only cloud of grief marring her sunshine being the news that she is soon to lose her newly acquired friend.

"But then," whispers Mrs. Scrope in her ear—and I catch the words—"it may not be for long."

* * * * *

"Another sigh, darling!" and father looks up from his book to regard me with loving anxiety.

I am seated by the table in our shabby dining-room at Marsh Lodge, tracing out a dress pattern from a somewhat complicated diagram. Ethel and I, exiled as it were from the world of modes, and compelled by adverse circumstances to make our own dresses, seek help from a monthly journal of fashion which supplies us with patterns and tries our brains almost as much as Euclid does Bertie's.

"Did I sigh, dad? I wasn't aware of it;" and I turn to give a bright look into the kindly gray eyes.

"No, my child, perhaps not; there is, however, some cause for these long-drawn breaths of yours. What is the trouble?"

"It must be those awful diagrams, daddy. They are terribly trying, but Ethel has set her heart on the Maraquita casaque."

"And is it the Maraquita casaque"—with a smile—"that has made my Neil so pale and quiet of late?" says my father, laying down his book and folding his thin hands upon it.

I evade his question and determine for the future to be remarkable only for my cheerfulness. However, he is not content, and after a while, bids me lay aside my work and go for a walk, saying that I have been too much in the house of late. Ethel and Bertie have gone to take tea with some acquaintances in the village, and we are alone, save for Mrs. Sanders, a highly respectable elderly person who condescends to come in on occasion and assist me with domestic arrangements. I demur at leaving my father alone, but he declares his book will prevent his feeling dull: so at length I put away diagrams and tissue-paper and run upstairs to prepare for my walk.

When I return, dressed in my serge suit, with my big black straw hat, to bid him "Good-bye," he lays his hand upon my shoulder and kisses me tenderly.

"My Neil is a brave little woman," he says approvingly; "she is learning to suffer and be strong."

So I start on my walk comforted. As I do not care about going for objectless walks, I determine to visit old Mrs. Reeves, a poor patient of father's, very old, rheumatic, and lonely, whose dilapidated cottage is situated at the farthest end of the marsh.

The March wind is boisterous and blustering. I am holding my hat on and struggling bravely when my attention—the little I have to spare—is attracted by an approaching fly. I wonder whom it contains and where it is going, of course. It is from the station, and is proceeding in the direction of Marsh Lodge. I am preparing to take a peep as it passes, when, to my surprise, it stops abruptly, and a voice calls out:

"How do you do, doctor?"

The next moment the fly is empty and I am standing by the roadside with my hand held fast in one of Bernard Scrope's.

"Coming to see us?" I exclaim. "Then you have not forgotten us?"

"Did you think I had?"

"In truth I have thought so. It is a month since the White House lost its inmates, and save for one letter to announce their safe arrival at Northwold, we have heard nothing of them.

"And where are you going?" says Bernard, gazing down upon me.

I tell him my intended destination, but offer now to return to Marsh Lodge with him.

"No," he says—"on consideration, I think I'll accompany you; I'm interested in old ladies who suffer from rheumatism."

So a minute later he has dismissed the fly and we are walking along together.

Bernard is as bright as ever; he has the same light-hearted and untroubled manner that always made him appear in my eyes to be one of prosperity's children. I am walking along, admiring the strength and independence of his general demeanor, when suddenly he turns his dark eyes upon me and covers me with confusion. The next moment he has taken my hand with a laugh and drawn it within his arm.

"Well, what do you think of your patient?"

"You are looking very well," I answer.

"And you are not. There is a weary look about your eyes, and now that the flush of—was it pleasure at seeing me?—has died away, you are pale."

"That was why papa sent me out," I reply. "I have been dress-making lately, and that to the uninitiated is trying."

"Yes"—thoughtfully. "You must give it up."

"Unfortunately in these days society demands some little attention to appearances," I remark. "How is Mrs. Scrope?"

"The little mother," he replies, "is well, but dull. Now that she is reinstated in her home and the affection of her father, she is not satisfied; she wants you."

"Me?"

"Yes. Curious, isn't it?"—quizzically. "And yet she is not the only one afflicted in that way."

Glancing up, I read his meaning in his eyes, and a very strange mingling of pain and pleasure takes possession of me.

There is a short silence, during which Mrs. Reeves' dreary little cottage appears in sight. When we reach the rickety garden gate, Bernard pauses a moment, facing me, and lays his hand upon mine as it rests on the top bar.

"Do you remember our last conversation together at the White House?" he asks.

"Yes," I return simply.

"Then of course you remember my question, and your decision relative to it?"

Again I answer in the affirmative.

"Have you ever regretted your decision since?"—more anxiously.

My eyes drop. Have I not regretted it twenty times a day? Have I not wept over it by night and sighed over it by day? And yet have I not told myself hourly that my decision was right, and that to leave my father in his present adversity would be wrong?

Bernard waits silently for my answer; but unfortunately at this moment there appear signs of excitement in the abode of Mrs. Reeves, which terminate in the old dame herself hobbling to open the door.

"Ah, I seed ye a-comin' across t' marsh," she quavers, "an' I says to myself, says I, 'An fine a couple as I iver set eyes on!' I says."

Her speech is followed by a volley of coughs and chuckles, while we enter the cottage. Mrs. Reeves overflows with compliment, broad, ungarnished, and to me, embarrassing.

Bernard appears to enjoy it—indeed it occurs to me that he takes a wicked delight in drawing her out; and my various attempts at retreat are of no avail until she begins to tell him of her numerous and astounding bodily ailments, when he slips a gold piece into her hand, and then he has to retire hastily under a shower of benedictions on his "handsome head and true heart," which he finds too much for equanimity. But hurry as we will, Mrs. Reeves manages to deliver a parting speech which all but fells me.

"Heaven pour blessin's on ye," she shouts from the cottage door, "an' may ye be happy for iver with my dear Miss Neil, as is the truest an' goodest gal as iver breathed t' breath o' life, an' just t' wife for ye!"

"And so say all of us!" says Bernard mischievously; and I never felt so near disliking Mrs. Reeves in all my life as at that moment. Yet, when Bernard once more draws my arm within his and looks down lovingly upon me, I feel so happy in his presence that all displeasure vanishes from my heart.

"I want to tell you," says Bernard, when we have left the little marshland cottage a couple of hundred yards behind, "of one or two things that have occurred since our return to Northwold. In the first place, my grandfather has been thrown into a state of frenzy by the resignation of his head physician, who, being somewhat old and very wealthy, has thought fit to give up his practice at Northwold and retire to a house in London, there to end his days amid the familiar scenes of his youth.

"My grandfather fears the practice will be taken by some young and giddy son of Æsculapius, who will not be agreeable enough to join him in chats and glasses of old port, or experienced enough to attend him in the attacks of gout consequent thereon.

"His soul longs for just such another man as the one departing, learned, full of anecdote, and of mature years. Having a regard for grandpapa's little fancies, and knowing just the man he requires, and, as this man's abilities are thrown away where he now is, I have made the practice my own to dispose of, and intend begging his acceptance of it."

We reached a little wooden bridge crossing a tiny stream. Bernard came to a stand-still. A sudden seriousness had fallen upon him, and, as we paused on the bridge, he stood before me and took my hand in his.

"You guess, perhaps, that the man who I think would be so good a friend to my grandfather is Doctor Chetwynd?"

I cannot look up at him. I am filled with gratitude and love, and yet I feel that in my silence I must appear ungracious.

"You are very good," I murmur very faintly.

"Good!" he ejaculated, with a short laugh. "Do you know that in return I am going to ask him to bestow on me a treasure more dear and valued than all the riches of the world—to me—yes, and to him? Neil, I am going to ask him to give me you; but first I want to know if you are willing to be so given?"

At length I raise my eyes and gaze into his handsome dark face, lightened from within by a great love which renders it even handsomer.

"Is it to be 'Yes?'" he asks, drawing me a little closer. "You need not altogether desert your father, you know, for we can live half the year in Surrey and half at Northwold; and Ethel will be a charming companion for the little mother; and—and is it not a splendid arrangement for doctor and patient to marry?"

There is a suspicion of banter in his soft persuasive tones, but Bernard's eyes are very earnest and the hands holding mine tremble slightly.

For a moment I gaze thoughtfully beyond him to where the sun is setting in a golden streak behind some tall poplars—not in hesitation, but in dreamy rapturous reflection on the happiness within my grasp.

Then a subtle magnetism brings my eyes back to his and draws us together. As he opens wide his arms, I instinctively move towards him, and am drawn close to the heart that is to be my resting place forever.

THERE is considerable difference between the size of the hands and feet, and, curiously enough, on opposite sides. Thus, while the right hand is generally larger than the left, it is the left foot which is the bigger and stronger. This is due to the fact that we stand habitually on the left foot.

At Home and Abroad.

Ex-King Milan of Servia is but 43 and yet he is aged. His grandfather was a swineherd and Milan inherited all of his bad qualities, while he cultivated and accumulated others. In 1868 the assassination of Michael brought the honor of reigning prince to him, and after the treaty of Paris he ascended to the throne in 1872. In 1888 Queen Natalia became so disgusted with him that she obtained a divorce. The next year the Servians gave him $1,000,000 to abdicate and leave the country, which he did, being succeeded by his son, Alexander. Milan has inherited seven fortunes and squandered them all.

A book recently published in Berlin makes public some very curious details regarding the private life of the German imperial family. We learn that the Emperor contracts with his chief butler for meals at so much per head. An ordinary dinner costs rather less than two dollars a plate, exclusive of wine, but on festive occasions the cost of a dinner varies from five to ten dollars. The Emperor usually has three meals daily, a meat breakfast, a hot lunch, and a dinner of six courses. On the daily menu are hock, Bordeaux and champagne, while the castle cellars hold 2000 bottles of fine wine, and 4,000 casks of other wines and liquors.

The majority of English dolls' eyes are blue. Like everything else they are ruled by fashion, and the reason of this preponderance is that when the Queen ascended the throne she was very fair and had blue eyes. Consequently every doll-maker in the country began to send blue-eyed dolls from their factories, and during the reign have continued to do so. Every nation has its own standard of doll beauty. For instance, in Italy and Spain, where all the celebrated beauties have dark eyes and olive skins, a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll of native manufacture is practically unknown. In Japan the eyes of the dolls are small and are set asiant like the natives.

A curious plan is adopted by the public schools of several Continental cities for the inculcation of economy. In Brussels the children are requested to pick up on their way to school such apparently useless articles as empty paint tubes, scraps of metal, tin cans, bits of tin foil, etc. In eight months the following amounts were collected: Tin foil, 1,025 pounds; old paint tubes, 220 pounds; bottle capsules, 4,415 pounds; scraps of metal, 1,521 pounds; total, 7,181 pounds. The whole of this apparent rubbish was disposed of, and the proceeds were applied so as to clothe 500 poor children completely and send 90 invalids to hospitals and convalescent homes, and there still remained a considerable balance, which was distributed among the sick poor of the city.

A manœuvre has lately been introduced into the French army that will hardly be practised with enthusiasm by the troops. It is that of crawling along on the stomach, somewhat in the posture of the reptile that is vulgarly supposed to form the staple article of French diet. The object of this new drill is to enable the soldier, if he should ever find himself stranded in a morass, to work his way out, it having been found that a man has a much better chance of not being engulfed in a marsh if he walk on his hands and feet, instead of on his feet, the weight being, of course, less concentrated. If leaders are not competent, it is, of course, likely that the men may be led into wet or marshy ground which would generally be thought impracticable for military operations. In such a case, most armies would have to retreat, but not so the French, some of the generals having invented this manœuvre to obviate such a retrograde movement being made.

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Our Young Folks.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY A. H. H.

WHY is the sea salt? is a question doubtless often asked by many a child without getting a satisfactory answer.

Perhaps the following tale, which, thanks to a little knowledge of the language of fishes, I once heard an old Oyster relate to some of his offspring one evening when lying dreamily in a boat on the Gulf of Mexico may somewhat explain the matter.

"The sea was not always salt, my dears," said the Oyster, "nor did it become so all at once, for then the fish would most likely every one have been pickled. In the year of the world 10, there or thereabouts, there was a great commotion and excitement among the fish of the sea.

"The beasts of the land had a king to rule over them, as also had the birds of the air; but the fish of the sea had no monarch whatever. Accordingly, a great meeting had been announced, to which all the fish had been summoned, at which a king was to be chosen, and an end put to this most unsatisfactory state of affairs.

"All the fish flocked to the meeting, greatly agitated with hopes and fears, for no fish had as yet any idea as to the manner in which the future king should be selected, and each hoped that he might have some little chance, all except the crab, who was perfectly calm and collected, feeling sure that even if not made king, he had at least a first-rate chance of a good berth at court, as he was so practised in the art of walking backwards.

"When the fish were all assembled, proceedings commenced by the voting of the Sea-serpent to the chair, which he at once took, notwithstanding some difficulty arising from the length of his tail, and when he had arranged himself to his satisfaction, he made a short speech to the assembly, to the effect that they were met to choose a king, and that he was now ready to hear any fish's views as to the manner in which they should proceed to effect that purpose.

"The Whale immediately rose, with the intention of proposing that strength should be the test, and that the strongest fish should be elected; but the Shark, who sat next to him, giving him a warning tap with his tail, he looked down, and seeing that there was one fish that was not afraid to meet him, and that there was no chance for him to be made king without a battle for it, he sat down without finishing his speech.

"The Dolphin then got up to propose that the prettiest and most beautiful fish should be king, but the thought suddenly striking him, that he only displayed the beautiful colors for which he is famed when dying, it occurred to him that a king who had to be constantly dying to show off his beauty, was not exactly quite what they wanted just at that time, so he took his seat again, with an air as if he had forgotten what he was going to say.

"After these failures, a solemn silence followed, which lasted for some time, no fish being anxious to advance a way of selection advantageous to his neighbor, and unwilling to propose one that would set forth his own merits too forcibly.

"True, the Eel muttered something about his being able to travel on dry land, but the Sprat called out, 'Ware snakes,' and hid under the Codfish's tail; and the Eel was silent immediately. At last the Sea-serpent said, 'That seeing that no fish seemed to have any proposition to make, as to the way in which they were to choose a king, and that, as many fish had come a long way to attend the meeting, so that it would be a pity to adjourn it to another day, he would take it upon himself to suggest, that the fish that could reach nearest to the glorious skies, by any means whatever, should be their future king."

"The Salmon then begged to move an amendment, adding a clause, that the whole body of the fish must be out of the water at the time of reaching, to which the Sea-serpent agreeing, his suggestion was at once carried unanimously with acclamations.

"Instantly, in a hurry, the whole assembly betook themselves to the surface of the ocean, and all began leaping upwards out of it, each crying out, 'Look at me! look at me!' but having, in their haste, quite forgotten to make any judges of the leaping. Suddenly a hoarse 'look out!' was heard, and the Whale, angry with the result of the meeting rushed through the crowd of struggling fishes, sprang high out of the water, and fell back again with a tremendous plunge.

"Fortunately, the other fish, scared, by his rush through them, had fled in all directions out of the way, and no accident happened, except to the flounder, who had been standing with his head on one side, watching a pretty young Smelt, and his attention having been so deeply engrossed, he had not noticed the Whale pass, and the latter, falling on him, smashed him flat, as he remains to this day, still with his head on one side.

"When the commotion caused by the Whale's leap had somewhat subsided, the Sea-serpent came forward, and rearing his head aloft till it was fully a hundred feet above the sea, "Look at me!" he proudly exclaimed, but—his tail was still in the water, a fact of which the Shark gently reminded him, by giving it a sharp bite.

"Down fell the Sea-serpent, furious to discover who it was that had so insulted him, and as he glared round him in wrath, the shark was so dismayed that he drew back his mouth under him to hide his teeth to such an extent, that although the Sea-serpent looked at him steadily for some time he could not make out whether he had a mouth at all or not; and at last he left in a rage, and since then has never associated with the other fish.

"But he had eyed the Shark so long, that when he was gone the poor Shark's mouth had stuck fast where he had drawn it and he could not get it back again; and since that day, whenever he wishes to eat he has to turn on his back to do so.

"As soon as the Sea-serpent had gone, a dispute arose among the larger fish as to which had leapt the highest; and as it seemed to be waxing too warm to be confined to words, the smaller fish withdrew a little to one side, and just when the quarrel was at its worst, the Flying-fish darted from among them, and rising to a height of between twenty and thirty feet out of the water, he flew along for a couple of hundreds yards, then gently dropping into the sea, he swam quietly back to his friends.

"The other fish were for the moment astounded, but there was no denying that the Flying-fish had gone both the highest and the farthest, so clapping their fins together, they all shouted, "Long live King Flying-fish! long live King Flying-fish!" and two of them disappearing to the bottom of the ocean, soon returned with a small circlet of diamonds of the purest water, which they placed upon the Flying-fish's head.

"A procession was now being formed, to conduct the king to the throne, when he, elated with pride at his position, determined to show his subjects what he could really do, and again darting into the air, he rose to a still greater height, and was sailing along, amidst the cheers of all below, when a large bird swooped down on him from above, and bore him off out of sight towards the clouds.

"The sensation that followed is indescribable. The fish had had their meeting, had overcome the difficulty of finding out a manner of choosing their king, had found a king, and such a king too, one that could both swim and fly, and now he was carried off out of sight at the moment of his coronation.

"It was too much for mortal fish to bear; words could not express their feelings, tears might, and accordingly all the fishes began to weep.

"Their grief was violent and prolonged—in fact, it lasted so long that the sea, impregnated with the brine from the quantity of tears shed, even then began to acquire that salt taste it has had ever since; but at last they grew calmer, and the assembly was again convened to settle what was to be done in this emergency.

"This time the whale was chairman, in place of the Sea-serpent (gone to parts unknown), and after a long discussion, it was decided that, there being no certainty that the king was dead, as he might have been set down in some other part of the ocean, they therefore could not choose another king, but that all the fishes should, on the breaking up of the assembly, disperse themselves throughout all seas to look for their monarch, any fish finding him to send word at once in the fastest possible way to their present place of meeting.

"The Herring tribe being accustomed to go about in shoals, were to continue to do so, that they might be ready at any moment to escort the king to his throne.

"And it was further resolved that, in order to prevent the different fishes becoming engrossed in their own cares and pursuits, and so forgetting the object they had in view, each and every fish should twice a day, at certain times, weep for a stated period for the loss of their beloved sovereign: and that the sun being too hot and dazzling to the eyes for the fish to use it to regulate these certain times, the moon should be employed for that purpose.

"The business of the great assembly of the fishes being ended they all left for different parts of the ocean, to prosecute the search for the king, whom they have not found yet; but twice a day, they continue regularly to weep, and when their tears cause the waters to rise, men call it the rising of the tide, and when the air in the tears evaporates, and the salt settles down to the bottom of the sea and the waters subside, men call it the falling of the tide.

"The fish have now been all weeping twice a day for some thousands of years, and that is the reason why the sea is so salt. Whether they will find their king, or whether the sea will grow much salter, I cannot tell you, my dears."

Here the old Oyster ceased speaking, and I heard no more; but if any one should doubt the correctness of the Oyster's story, the test of its truth is easy.

Go down to the low water mark on the sea-shore, with a clean tumbler, about two or three minutes before the tide begins to rise, take and drink a tumbler of sea water; then about half an hour after the tide has begun to flow go to the same place, take and drink another tumbler of sea water, and decide for yourself which tumblerful is the more salt, or whether both are alike.

ABOUT LEAD-PENCILS.—Once pieces of lead were used for marking, and we continue to use the word, though lead is no longer a part of various pencils. History has failed to record the name of the genius who gave the world these most useful little instruments.

We have heard all about the discovery of burnt snuff, and the sewing machine, and the typewriter, and all that, but the inventor of the lead-pencil has evidently gone done into the shadow of oblivion, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

"I have to laugh at the queer ideas some people have about pencils," said one manufacturer.

"You will scarcely believe it, but the opinions of people who know nothing about it seem to be divided between the melting of the lead and pouring it into the hole in the wood, and cutting out the lead to fit the hole."

"I know," continued the manufacturer, "that not one out of ten thousand persons has the least idea of what this lead is. See, here is a fine black powder; that is graphite, and costs somewhere about twenty-five cents a pound. This white substance is German clay.

"It comes as ballast in vessels, and all it costs us is for freight. We mix clay and powder together and grind them in a mill, moistening the mass carefully during the process, until the two are thoroughly assimilated and reduced to a paste that is about the consistency of putty.

"Here are the dies for the leads, into which we press the paste of graphite and clay. These leads are dipped in hot glue and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are made ready. When the lead is put in there snugly and forever, the thin block is glued to the thick one and left to dry thoroughly."

HOPE.—It is very common for people, as they advance in years and have many disappointments to bear, to treat the feeling of hope with a certain disrespect. They cite their own experience to show how often its fair promises have been broken and its high ideals brought to the ground. They admit perhaps its cheering power and its pertinacity of existence; they concede that it is a good and a natural emotion for youth, but they still smile indulgently upon those who cherish it as being under a pleasant delusion, from which they are inevitably destined to awake and find themselves disappointed.

Yet in this case, as in some others, people who pride themselves upon being experienced are often superficial, while those who accept gladly what nature brings to them are often more truly though less consciously wise.

For hope, though not always an accurate prophet, is the grand inspirer of human life. Its predictions are not always fulfilled to the letter, but they are frequently replaced by something better than themselves.

KIND confidence begets confidence, and love begets love.

The World's Events.

Twelve ordinary tea plants produce one pound of tea.

More than 1,000,000 cat skins are used every year in the fur trade.

A new-born infant sometimes doubles its birth-weight in seven days.

The first article of human clothing mentioned in history was an apron.

About one-half of the population of Greece are agriculturists and shepherds.

There are restaurants in Berlin and Paris where horse-flesh is the only meat served.

In the horse, it is stated, an eye in which white predominates indicates a vicious nature.

The catacombs of Rome are said to contain within their walls the bones of 10,000,000 people.

The Swedes find relief from sleeplessness by laying over the eyes a napkin wet with cold water.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface cannot be cultivated on account of mountain ranges, deserts, swamps and barren ground.

Some of the towns of Germany have their water pipes made of glass, protected with an asphalt covering in order to prevent fracture.

The earthworm propels itself along the ground or through the earth by means of bristles projecting from each ring of its body.

Every public school in Paris has a restaurant in connection with it, where meals are gratuitously served to pupils too poor to pay for them.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about 123 tons of water.

Berlin has a professional bird-catcher, appointed by the government. He supplies educational institutions with birds, bird's nests, and eggs.

It has been discovered that a New Jersey "woman tramp" is really a man, who donned skirts in the hope that they would assist him in his appeals for help.

At the beginning of this century a most peculiar cholera remedy was in use in Persia. A leaf from the Koran was crumpled up and forced down the patient's throat.

It has been calculated that the human eye travels over 2,000 yards in reading an ordinary-sized novel. The average human being is supposed to get through 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

A clock on exhibition in St. Petersburg has ninety-five faces, indicating simultaneously the time at thirty different spots of the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person in the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as impolite.

An observer estimates that wasps captured between 300 and 400 flies on two of his cows in about twenty minutes. There was a constant stream of wasps carrying away flies, probably to feed the larvæ in their nests, and returning to catch more.

Down in Kentucky a school teacher undertook to whip a girl pupil for some infraction of discipline. Immediately afterward he went home and put a piece of raw beefsteak on his eye, and up to the present time there has been nothing to indicate that the girl was whipped.

That the color sense is a late development in human beings is shown by the fact that the natives of South Africa can distinguish only white and black, which are not colors, and red. Blue they call black. Green they cannot distinguish, confusing it with yellow and red.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

HUMILITY.

BY COLTON.

The loaded bee the lowest flies;
The richest pearl the deepest lies;
The stalk the most replenished
Doth bow the most its modest head;
Thus deep humility we find
The mark of every master mind;
The highest gifted lowliest bends,
True merit meekest condescends,
And shuns the fame that fools adore—
That puff that bids the feather soar.

BY NATURE AND BY MAN.

Electricity, as an agent in the hands of man, has during the half-century that is about to close received many striking applications and has achieved many triumphs. One of the latest, but by no means the least, of these is that relating to its use in the electric-furnace as a means of producing extremely high temperatures, for its application as a source of heat has led to the discovery of the method by which Nature made her diamonds and other precious stones.

Until the year 1777, the diamond was believed to be a kind of rock-crystal, and its close connection with one of the most plentiful and least valuable of all the chemical elements—carbon—was not proved until the early years of this century. If the old alchemists who worked so industriously through the Middle Ages had only known this fact, the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, which at that time was the problem to the solution of which all their efforts were directed, would have ceased to attract. To convert at will dirty, black, valueless carbon into the transparent flashing crystals of almost priceless value, they would have felt, was a problem far more worthy their attention and study.

But these old experimenters, with their lofty aims and desire to transmute all baser metals into gold, and to discover an elixir of life, were not gifted in the art of reading Nature's mysteries; and it is quite certain that, had they known that the diamond was merely a crystalline form of carbon, they would have failed in their attempts to produce it in their laboratories.

Lavoisier, the distinguished French chemist, in the years 1770-1780 carried out experiments which proved that the diamond, when strongly heated in air, burns away, and that the gases produced contain carbonic acid. Sir Humphry Davy in 1814 completed the proof by showing that no water is produced by this combustion, and that consequently the diamond is formed of one element only—carbon. Since that date until the present decade little further progress had been made in our knowledge of the diamond. In the year 1892 a celebrated French chemist named Moissan commenced to experiment upon this subject; and, with a clue to Nature's method of manufacture given by the discovery of minute diamonds in some specimens of meteoric iron, he was soon able to announce to the French Academie des Sciences that this problem was solved, and that he had been successful in producing diamonds in his laboratory at Paris.

The chief agent in this success was the electric-furnace, with which Moissan had attained temperatures hitherto far beyond the chemist's command—temperatures which approach those at present existing in our sun. The electric-arc light is now so commonly used that there are few who have not seen the arc-lamps being cleaned, and who have not observed the two carbon-pencils, between the points of which the arc is formed. The electric current, in passing across the air-gap between the carbon points, develops not only intense light but also a most intense heat; and if the carbon-pencils be enclosed in a suitably-shaped fire-clay box to guard against the loss of heat by radiation, the modern electric-furnace is obtained. The fireclay case is generally lined with lime or prepared charcoal in order to protect it from the intense heat of the arc; whilst in some cases a lining of the materials which are to be heated is used as well.

In such a furnace, using large currents of electricity, temperatures of between 3000 and 4000 degrees of heat, that of boiling water being only 212, have been obtained. Many compounds of carbon and silicon with the metals have been thus formed that were hitherto unknown or that had only been found in Nature.

The diamonds which Moissan has been able to produce by his method in Paris are artificial only in the sense that they are the product of the laboratory. They possess the hardness, clearness, high refractive power, and form of those found in Nature; their only deficiency is in size, the largest Moissan has yet produced being only one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter.

Since the artificial production of diamonds in the laboratory is thus shown to be a question simply of high temperature and of great pressure. It becomes of interest to inquire how Nature obtained these conditions when producing her diamonds in a bygone day. There are two theories based upon these successful experiments of Moissan. According to the one, Nature formed her diamonds deep down in the earth at an early period of its geological history. According to the other, she formed them, and is still forming them, in those fragments of matter which we call meteorites; and all the diamonds we possess are presents from the outer world of space. In both cases the necessary conditions—a molten mass at a high temperature, and great pressure during cooling—would obtain.

Though as yet these gems have not all been produced artificially in the laboratory of the chemist by the aid of the electric-furnace, there is strong evidence for the belief that the general principles of the method used by Moissan for the production of the diamond will be found applicable in the case of these other gems, and that alumina or silica dissolved at high temperature in some suitable solvent will separate in the crystalline forms desired when this solvent is subjected to great pressure during cooling.

Grains of Gold.

Concealing faults is but adding to them.

Nothing is more easy than self-deception.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.

There is hypocrisy in praying for what we are not willing to work for.

No man can give his best service where he has not first given his heart.

You cannot tell by the length of a man's face what he will do in a horse trade.

He whose only care is to be without care, may look to have a double portion of it.

To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures and thinking about them.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

Nothing engages our interest and attention more than some of the things that never happen.

Covetousness, like a candle ill-made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.

There are more people cross-eyed in the tongue than in the eyes; they talk one way, while they are thinking the other.

As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

Femininities.

Praise a woman's taste, and you may attack her sense with impunity.

Every woman has a garret in her memory where she stores all her worn-out ideals.

In society compliments are loans, which the lenders expect to be repaid with heavy interest.

The female mind is too poetical to be tamely methodical. Who would marry a woman who punctuated her love-letters?

"I have here a neat and pretty little letter-opener," began the canvasser. "So have I at home," said the business man sadly. "I am married."

The girl who is jealous and envious of her neighbor's success has foes in her heart who can bring more bitterness into her life than any outside enemy.

A recent patent in the German Patent Record says: "Fraulein Eltrida Latikiewits, Berlin, apparatus for keeping the cheeks full. This apparatus is worn in the mouth and is fastened to the jaw."

Women, in their most exalted state, are not so difficult to win as they are sometimes imagined to be; it unfortunately happens that the best men think them the most so.

"I want to see the lady of the house," said the wandering gentleman. "I am she," answered the lady. "Indeed? You look so perfectly happy and independent that I hope you will excuse me for taking you for the housemaid."

The report that there is only one surviving schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln has been disproved. Mrs. Susie Yeager of Rhineyville, Ky., now in her ninetieth year, was a schoolmate of the great emancipator at the first school session he attended.

In the presence of her parents or parents-in-law, a Chinese woman may not sneeze or cough, neither stretch, yawn nor loll about when tired, nor may she presume to stare at them. She should wear a happy face, and a mild, pleasant deportment in serving them, in order to soothe them.

A new employment for women has been opened by the Bank of England, which has for the first time this year found work for six lady clerks, work that their quick fingers and thorough accuracy enable them to perform with great skill. Their duties are to count and compare the bank notes which, having been in circulation, return to the bank never to be re-issued.

One of the most successful new women of the South is Mrs. Caroline Mayfield, who lives in Atlanta when she is not on the road selling syrups, of her own make, for soda fountains. Mrs. Mayfield has become a wealty woman, but has acquired such a love of business that she still travels, placing her own merchandise, collecting her bills, and superintending the manufacture of syrups.

Miss Kate Sanborn in her "Abandoning an Adopted Farm" tells of her annoyance at reporters and curiosity seekers. One morning she was leaving her house in her carriage when she met a young man and, naturally supposing his mission to be an interview, put her head out of the window and wearily asked if he wished to see her. "I should be delighted, Miss, I am sure, but I was going further on," replied the unabashed youth.

An eminent English wit at Westminster, passed off the honest poulterer, his sire, as a "Turkey merchant;" and the sort of spirit that prevails in little societies where young ladies are in supposed social disparity, is well illustrated in the pungent colloquy between the rich brewer's daughter and the daughter of the officer who lived on his pay. "My papa," remarked the first young lady, "keeps a carriage." "And mine," rejoined the other, "does not keep a dray."

Another old woman comes out of the West. Mrs. Sarah Russell, who is said to be the oldest white person born in Michigan, was 105 years old last spring, and is still able to take care of her son's house, which is on a farm near Sterling, Mich. Joe Russell, a mere lad, his mother says, has seen the prairie flowers of seventy-five springs, and when asked why he never took unto himself a wife replied, "Oh! there's plenty of time for that."

When a lady is sitting to a Parisian photographer for a portrait the operator does not, in a perfunctory manner, coldly request her to look pleasant now, if you please! He says to her in the most natural and graceful manner in the world: "It is quite unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." The lady, of course, acknowledges the compliment with her most gracious and high-bred smile. "Click!" goes the camera, and the picture is obtained, revealing the sitter to the greatest advantage.

The most expensive material worked into a garment was the gold brocade purchased in 1670 for a robe for King Louis XIV., at a cost of about $85,00 a yard. Not long ago, however, the German Empress had a coverlet woven in white silk upon a flat background, on which flowers, leaves, and birds projected in relief. This design was not embroidered, but woven in a unique way. The Empress was so pleased with it that she employed it as a tapestry for her boudoir. The cost of this material was $150,00 a yard, of which the weaver got one-sixth.

Masculinities.

We have all strength enough to support the misfortunes of our fellows.

He is a good man who has done half as much good as he meant to do.

When a man doesn't know enough to have any opinion at all, he thinks he is broad.

Whenever you intend doing anything early the next morning the safest way is to do it the night before.

If poor people knew how hard the rich have to work and how little they get for it, they would be more contented.

If you are good at remembering your own faults, you will be surprised to see how easily you forget your neighbors'.

Many of the world's greatest heroes, philosophers, statesmen and the like were not distinguished in their boyhood days for brightness or aptitude for study.

New Woman: "Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name." Old Bachelor: "Just so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he can call his own."

"There are times in which a girl positively does not know what to do." "What's the matter now?" "Why, here's an old bachelor gone and left a fortune to a woman because she had refused to marry him."

Collis P. Huntington, the noted railway man, maintains three palatial residences, which are kept in such perfect running order that any one of them is ready for occupancy by his family at a moment's notice.

Master: "This is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the river to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?" Bright Pupil: "Yes, sir; seven."

Punch says: "A brute of a husband is one who fancies, when he marries, that he is at perfect liberty to treat his wife as if she were no better than a street door, on which there was nailed the polite request: 'Please to ring and knock.'"

In the vaults where the Czars of Russia are buried, two great candles—one at the head and the other at the feet of the Czar last buried—are always kept burning. These candles are renewed as they burn down, and in 1881 were transferred from the tomb of Alexander II. to that of the late Czar, buried in that year. A guard is always on duty.

Near Way Cross, Ga., Le A. Harris and Miss Williams were in the midst of an elopement flight when they became conscious of something under the buggy seat. Presently one of the young woman's small brothers bobbed up from under the seat. The little fellow happened to be awake when the elopement began, and, catching on to the racket, stepped out and crawled under the seat, accompanied them on their romantic journey, and saw the ceremony performed.

This story is told by a commercial traveler of one of the local railways in Scotland which is said to be still a little shaky. "We were bounding along," he said, at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every minute to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the carriage to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter—at least, I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter. There was a quiet-looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said, 'We are going a little smoother, I see.' 'Yes,' said he; 'we're off the line now.'"

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Philadelphia

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Latest Fashion Phases.

The latest materials for evening toilettes in Paris are silk muslins and gauzes, silk and wool fancy etamines, crepons, and soliennes, and are chosen of fresh, light tints; shrimp pink, lavender-blue, pale gold, and the pinkish shade of mauve called Ophelia, are those most in vogue. A still softer effect, however, is produced by a white open-work tissue such as etamine or plumetis over an under-dress of colored surah or glace silk. The bodice is open either in a square or V shape, and confined round the waist by a Russian belt of white kid, or of velvet laid over kid, studded with pearls, rubies, or turquoises. The skirt is plain or flounced according to taste.

Sometimes the bodice is different from the skirt, but in that case it is generally made high in the neck. A very novel and unique one is entirely composed of strips of Valenciennes lace insertion, interlaced so as to form a pleated pattern. The lining, of pale shrimp pink surah, shows through the lace.

The lace is finished at the throat with a small rounded yoke and standing up collar of lace tissue, edged with a frilling. The epaulettes, composed of interlaced insertion like the bodice, fall over the bouffants of long sleeves of shrimp-pink silk muslin like the skirt. The Russian belt is of pink velvet mounted with silver, pink coral, and pearls.

As to the matter of mantles, fashion shows itself unusually capricious. Now jackets seem the favorite, then again the collet appears with renewed vogue, and a number of nondescript garments are introduced with more or less success, partaking of both shapes.

In jackets there is the Czarine, for, of course, they are more than ever Russian in Paris. It is of light grayish-blue cloth, the back slightly gathered under a deep leather belt, which is slipped in through slits at the side, and fastened in front with a silver buckle. The fronts open with revers tapering down to the waist, and trimmed with tabs of fancy galloon in two shades of blue just touched with gold. The belt fastens under the fronts, the buckle alone being just visible at the waist. Coat sleeves trimmed with galloon.

The Fedorovna jacket has the back very much like the above, except that the belt is of the same cloth as the jacket, and is finished on each side, on the outside, with a large fancy metal button. The fronts are loose, and fasten at the throat only, and the collar is mounted on to a plain band, and turned down. Coat sleeves, and no trimming but a thick piping round the outlines, and tiny breast-pockets.

There is also a pretty sacque jacket, the fastening of which is unique. A tab is cut out into each of the fronts, and both are crossed so as to form a V in the middle of the chest. A buttonhole at the end of each tab is adapted to a large button on the opposite front.

As to collets, their novelty consists chiefly in trimming, which is very elaborate. Patterns cut out in applique of velvet over cloth, braiding, galloons and paillettes, are the most in favor, and they are finished with ruches and bows of ribbon. As a rule the collet is more dressy than the jacket.

The new felt hats are very small, and, with the exception of the toque, which remains plain, and is not likely to be soon discarded, have the brim turned up either in front or at the sides in most fantastic fashion. Entire birds, such as doves, woodcocks, seamews, and swallows, are more fashionable than clusters of feathers. The owl's head too enjoys considerable favor.

Although many ladies, especially young married ladies, prefer the loose Empire robe, with elaborate yoke and trimmings, for an afternoon home dress, the redingote dress is more fashionable. It is made in various ways, either opening over a loose front, or over a skirt and vest or chemisette.

Thus a redingote dress of soft cream surah, with a fine coral pattern in moss-green, opens in oval shaped revers over an under dress of striped fancy cream satinette, trimmed across with strips of black lace insertion, forming V's all the way down from throat to foot, and confined round the waist with a draped satin belt. The collar is also of black satin, with deep fluting of cream lace.

Another is of blue and gray glace silk. It is trimmed round the neck with a finely-pleated frilling of the same, very deep on the shoulders, tapering down to the waist, where the dress is fastened together by a bow of ribbon, thence opening again down to the foot, with the same fluting on each side. This dress is slightly braided. The front over which it opens is of fine soliesne, printed in a fanciful pattern of white and pink marguerites, trimmed near the foot with a number of small tucks. The sleeves are finished at the elbow with flutings and bows of ribbon.

Again, another style is a Princess dress of woollen crepon, made with a treble watteau pleat in the back, and with a yoke and epaulettes of russet guipure d'art. The front is trimmed down the middle with flat bows of ribbon, fastened with small paste buckles. In another model, the Princess dress has a draped berthe across the bust, which is continued down the middle of the front in two loose lapels to the foot of the skirt.

All these toilets, however, are hardly youthful enough for the very young, although the following certainly is. It is of fine cachemirette, a small zig zig pattern in indigo over pale grayish blue. The bodice is plain in the upper part only, with narrow facings, showing a finely pleated chemisette of cream chiffon; the lower part of the bodice, from the middle of the bust, is gathered like a blouse, and fastened with a corselet belt of indigo satin, gauged lengthways.

The collar is also of gauged indigo satin, finished with ruche of snowy tulle. The sleeves are tight and gathered across, with small bouffants at the top. The skirt is sunray-pleated. You may have this dress made in any fancy woollen material, and the chemisette part may be of the same fabric instead of chiffon.

An evening dress seen for a girl from eight to ten years of age is of fine white cashmere, the bodice and skirt cut in one, the right side of front is pleated at the waist, and draped over to the left side: the trimming round foot of skirt and up the front is worked with white and pale blue silk; the edge of the square cut bodice is also finished with embroidery; a long rope of pearls is worn round the neck, and is looped up to the centre of the bodice.

A dinner dress for ladies who like high neck and long sleeves for dinner-dress. This is a pretty style; it is of silver-gray silk canvas over a foundation of rose colored silk; the skirt is trimmed in front with two rows of chiffon bouillionne, finished by bows of rose-colored ribbon velvet; the bodice, which is cut low, is gathered at the top, then again to form five puffs below the bust; it is slightly pouched at the waist, where it is finished with a waistband of rose-colored velvet, tied in a bow at the side; the yoke of the bodice is of gray net, spotted with steel beads; it is finished with a ruffle round the throat, and ribbon velvet; the long sleeves are of net, with triple epaulette of silk, piped with rose-colored velvet, with a row of cabouchons at the edge of the silk; the bodice is ornamented at the left side with bows of velvet.

A beautiful evening dress dress is of maize silk, the lower part of skirt richly embroidered with shades of mauve silk and beads; above the embroidery are two gathered flounces of maize uncrushable chiffon; the slight fulness of the bodice is pleated to a point at the waist, under a band of embroidery falling in two short pointed ends in front; the rounded square trimming is of embroidery; the berthe of maize chiffon is embroidered with pale mauve; the fan shaped pleatings forming the sleeves are of the same.

In another evening dress seen the skirt was of mauve silk covered with white chiffon; it is trimmed with three full flounces of embroidered chiffon, scalloped at the edge, and finished with tiny Valenciennes lace edging; the bodice is of mauve and white brocbe, with a pointed front of folded chiffon, with full berthe of chiffon; the waist is finished with folds of ribbon and bows at the side; sleeves of embroidered chiffon over mauve silk, the left being ornamented with bows of ribbon; necklace of pearls, with pearl ornament in the hair.

A handsome theater cloak was of grayish green silk, brocaded with mauve clematis; it is lined throughout with mauve silk; the revers and cuffs are of violet silk, embroidered with gold beads and mauve silk; they are edged with white mongolian goat fur, which is carried down the edges of front; high Medici collars of mauve accordion-pleated silk and cream lace, both of which must be stiffened with wire to keep them in position; ruffles of cream lace at the wrists; white osprey studded with gold and diamonds in the hair.

Trained skirts are much in favor this season for dinner and reception-dresses, and for ladies who go to dances without intending to dance. One such dress was of shell-pink poplin, made with a small train; it is embroidered round the foot with fine jet beads and silk; the side breadths are gathered on the hips; the bodice is tight-fitting, and is cut with a tab each side of the front; it is embroidered at the edge, the pattern widening out to the shoulders; the full front, puckered sleeves, and fan-pleated epaulettes are of black chiffon; diamond and gold ornament at the waist.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Cornflour Cake.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one half a cupful of cornflour, one cupful of currants, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, both by measure.

Rice Sauce.—Wash a quarter of a pound of rice very clean, then put it into a stew-pan with one pint of milk, two onions, and some white pepper and mace. Let it stew until it will pulp through a sieve. If it is too thick, put a little milk or cream to it, add a very little nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Rice Cutlets.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until quite soft, then pound it in a mortar with a little salt and some white pepper. Pound also separately equal parts of cold veal or chicken. Mix them together with yolk of egg, form them into cutlets, brush them over with yolk of egg and fry them. Send them up with a very piquante sauce made of good stock thickened, and flavored with lemon juice, lemon pickle, or pungent sauce. The cutlets may be sent to table covered with small pickled mushrooms.

Turnip Soup.—Peel and slice some turnips, put them into a stewpan without any water with a slice of ham, a head of celery, a pint of batter, and a piece of bread, also a few onions. Cover it closely, and let it stew slowly. Have a stock of plain soup made, and add it to it by slow degrees as the turnips soften. Then pulp them through a hair sieve, add a little catsup and serve very hot.

A Good Cream.—One quart of very thick cream, such as is used for churning, juice of three lemons, a small quantity of the peel, and sugar to taste. If you like it you can add raspberry jam. Whip it up well and let it stand until the next day, when all the thin part will fall to the bottom of the pan. Then take off the top which should be very thick, and put it in a glass bowl.

Potato Pudding.—Take an equal quantity of the flour of roasted potatoes, and the meat of cold fowl, rabbit or hare, well chopped and pounded. Pound them well together with a little butter, season with salt, pepper, and spices. Moisten it with yolks of eggs one after the other. When all is well mixed, whip the whites and add them. Roll them in flour into shapes, and then when rolled in bread-crumbs broil or roast them in the oven. Make a gravy from the bones of the fowl and serve it up.

To Make Puffs and Tartlets.—Make puff paste with half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, and the yolk of an egg. The paste has to be carefully made, and rolled out six times. Cut the tartlets with a round cutter the size you want, and mark a small bit in the centre with a small cutter. Brush them over with egg, and put in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Then pick out the middle bit and fill with jam. Puffs are rolled out much thinner, the same paste, and cut with a larger cutter, the inside egged over with a little jam put in, and doubled over. The top brushed with egg or water, and dusted with sugar, and baked twenty minutes.

A Dutch Stew.—Have about two pounds of a shin of beef, cut it into three-inch squares, and set it on to stew, with one pint and a-half of cold water or stock, and a large onion. When these begin to boil, add a teaspoonful of salt, less or more, according to taste, also some pepper, and simmer gently for one hour and a-half. Prepare some young, white-hearted cabbage, which has been parboiled, squeeze very dry in a colander, and lay in the pan with the beef. Let the stew cook for another hour, then serve. Those who like spiced stew should add a little mixed spice and a few pieces of lean bacon.

Bandages in Home Nursing:—A roller bandage ought to be from 5 to 8 yards in length, and the width suitable to the part to be bandaged, 2 to 2½ inches for the head and extremities, 3 to 4 inches for the thigh and abdomen, and about ¾ of an inch for a finger bandage. The selvedges should be torn off and the bandage rolled up very firmly.

When bandaging remember, 1. Fix the bandage by one or two turns, the outer surface of the roller being next the skin. 2. Bandage from below upwards, and from within outwards over the front of the limb. 3. Use firm pressure equally over the parts and bandage evenly. 4. each succeeding turn should overlap two-thirds of preceding one. 5 End by fixing the bandage firmly with a safety pin, or a neat stitching. The roller bandage is put on in one of three ways, either spiral, reverse, or in the figure of 8.

The many-tailed bandage is made by placing a piece of bandage, the length of the limb, and placing across it pieces of bandage of sufficient length to go round the limb. The long piece is placed at the back of the limb, the shorter pieces tacked in their place pass horizontally round the part to be bandaged, and, when completed, ought to look like the figure of 8 bandage.

The T bandage is made of two pieces of bandage in the form of a T; the horizontal piece is to go round the waist, the shorter piece passes between the thighs, and fastens to the waist portion in front. In putting on a sling the apex of the triangle should be placed at the elbow and pinned, the two ends being tied round the neck in a reef knot.

The triangular bandage is made by a handkerchief or piece of calico folded into a three-cornered shape; it is useful for keeping dressings on the head, breast, and other parts, it also makes a good sling to support the arm.

In some cases it is well to starch the bandage to prevent it slipping; one teaspoonful of starch should be mixed into a smooth paste, and add, while stirring, half a pint of boiling water; as soon as it is cool enough it should be spread all over the bandaged part.

Mutton Soup.—Two pounds of coarse, lean, chopped mutton (the scrag makes good soup, and costs little); half an onion, sliced; one cupful of milk, half a cupful of raw rice, two quarts of cold water, one teaspoonful of salt. Put the meat into cold water with the onion, and simmer four hours; when nearly done add the salt, set away until cold, then skim and strain; return to the pot with the rice, which has been soaked for three hours, simmer half an hour, turn in the milk, which has been heated; stir and serve.

Tomato Sauce.—When fresh tomatoes are out of season, use canned. Put a can of tomatoes in a stew-pan on a slow fire until cooked. Cut through one carrot, a small onion, one ounce of salt pork, and one ounce of raw ham. Put these into a saucepan with one ounce of butter, stir on the fire until the butter turns clear. Add an ounce of flour and cook a little longer. Add the tomatoes and a pint of white broth, mix well, season with salt, pepper, a little parsley, and half a teaspoonful of sugar. Cover and boil slowly for forty minutes, stirring occasionally. Rub through a fine sieve, boil again, skim, and finish with one ounce of butter.

Cranberry Pudding.—One pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and a little salt, mixed thoroughly together. Add sweet milk to make a soft batter. Stir in one cup of coarsely-chopped cranberries. Steam one and a half or two hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

Cutlet for Invalids.—Take one nice cutlet from the loin or neck of mutton; two teacupfuls of water; a sufficient quantity of celery salt, or one very small stick of green celery. Remove all fat from the cutlet, and put in a stewpan, with the other ingredients. When fresh celery is used, it should be cut in thin slices before being added to the meat, and care must be taken not to add too much. Stew very gently for nearly two hours, adding salt and pepper to taste, and from time to time skim off every particle of fat that may rise to the surface. If the water be allowed to boil fast the cutlet will be hard.

A good proportion of men of genius have been either giants or dwarfs, or, at least, tall or short. An inquiring writer has looked up the dimensions of over 300 gifted men, and he finds that 142 were tall, 125 short, and 74 of medium height, which he places at between five feet four and five feet nine.

SOMETIMES.

BY V. W.

Sometimes amid the garish hours of day,
Bringing from golden hills the breath of morn,
Through fields of waving barley and ripe corn,
Stealing athwart the old and beaten way
My feet have trod, sweet vagrant memories stray,
Old loves, old dreams; not wan and travel-worn,
But fresh with beauty as of flowers new-born.
And in the passing moment that they stay,
Trembles my heart with all the olden grace
Of joy and hope; again my pulses leap,
A flash breaks through the dusky bars of sleep—
A glance, a whispered word, a touch, a face.
So in the crowded street comes back to me,
The scent of pines, the glimmer of the sea.

A Kiss to the Dead.

BY W. L. A.

IT was the midsummer of 1847, and Venice was enduring siege, famine, and pestilence. The Austrians were vainly striving to conquer the handful of heroes who held the city. Yet Venice scoffed at the idea of surrendering, and was to all appearance gayer than in the days when the Austrian bands played in the Piazza.

Zanze, the old woman who kept a greengrocer's shop in the Long Street, was, however, full of patriotism and bravery. Her only son was a captain of volunteers—an officer and a gentleman. That, to her mind, was worth all the trouble and danger of the revolution.

He had enlisted at the beginning of the war as a private soldier, but had been promoted for successive acts of bravery, until he now wore a sword, and could get frequent leave to come into the city to spend an hour at the cafe—a diversion which he described to his colonel as "going to see his mother."

Zanze, nevertheless, always contrived to see him when he was at the cafe, and he always saw her home in the most respectful manner, and embraced her with many tears when he said good-bye.

Never was a mother prouder of a son than was Zanze of Piero. What, in comparison, were such trifles as hunger and cholera, and the occasional fall of a shell in a crowded street? Zanze had quite a little store of money laid away in a stocking especially devoted to the purpose, and she had, besides, relations with the gardeners which made it possible for her to secure enough carrots and lettuce to satisfy her daily hunger.

Among her neighbors, exaggerated ideas of her wealth prevailed, and it was said that she had as much as two hundred florins in her stocking. So much respect was awakened by this reputation for vast wealth, that Zanze's friends sometimes dropped the abbreviated name of Zanze, and addressed her precisely as if she were a lady born and bred.

Zanze's idea of the cause for which her son was fighting was rather vague. Her general impression was that the Austrian commander, who was doubtless quite mad, had attempted to deprive St. Mark of his position as patron saint of Venice, probably with the design of securing the place for some one of his German saints, and that the archbishop had called on all good Venetians to see to it that this great wrong and blasphemy should not be consummated.

As for the possibility that Piero might be killed, Zanze never allowed it to disturb her for a moment. Zanze was naturally of a happy disposition, and the revolution had done so much for her in making her son an officer, that she was as blithe as the land birds that she heard singing the day she went across the lagoon the famous day when her sister married the rich keeper of a lock on the Brenta Canal.

One hot afternoon, Zanze was half dozing at her door. Piero had been to see her only two days before, and had told her that he was now stationed where no Austrian bullets were allowed to come, and where it was quite impossible that he should be hurt.

Maddalena, a young woman who lived three doors from Zanze, and was reputed to be in love with Piero, sat by Zanze's side, knitting a coarse woollen stocking. She was a sad-faced girl, for she knew that Piero, now that he was an officer and a great man, could never think of marrying her—the daughter of a poor gondolier.

Suddenly there came from the Grand Canal the wail of funereal music. Both women crossed themselves, and Maddalena said, "Another dear soldier killed. When will this dreadful war be over?"

"Do not talk nonsense," said Zanze, sharply. 'Suppose he is killed. We must all die sometime, and thou and I will never have a lovely band of music to take us to San Michele."

"But it is so sad for a fine young man to be killed," urged Maddalena. "How terrible it would be if anything should have happened to Sior Piero."

"Nothing will happen to him, my dear," said the old woman. "I am not afraid for Piero. He has a head, and can take care of himself, even if the Madonna should go to sleep for a little while."

"Oh, Zanze! Come in my boat, and breathe a little air on the lagoon."

It was a gondolier who was calling, as his gondola slowly floated down the small canal that flowed by the side of Zanze's house.

"And of how many soldi would you try to rob me?" asked Zanze.

"It is not a question of soldi," replied the gondolier. "It is as a friend that I ask you; and you, too, Maddalena. Come and see the funeral, and it shall cost you nothing."

"You are good, Toni," exclaimed Zanze. "We will go with you, and I will give you an orange, one of these days."

Zanze and Maddalena hastily retwisted their hair, and, contented with this brief method of making a full toilette, stepped into the gondola. In another moment they were on the Grand Canal, and but a little distance behind the funeral procession, which, escorted by a fleet of idle gondolas, was slowly passing on its way to the cemetery.

There was a beautiful golden haze in the air, through which the sun shone brightly, tinting all Venice with that peculiar blue and golden which is nowhere else so soft and iridescent.

The body of the dead officer lay in its uniform on the top of a bier that occupied the greater part of a large funeral barge, and the sunlight flashed on his epaulettes and sword-hilt as the barge swayed lightly under the impulse of the oars. The band was playing a dead march wonderfully rhythmic and sad. The tears rose to Maddalena's eyes.

"Foolish girl!" exclaimed Zanze. 'Why dost thou weep for other people's dead? Have we not a holiday, and is this not a festa to which the good Antonio has invited us? Enjoy thyself, my child. Let the dead man's friends weep for him."

"Yesterday he was alive and happy," said Maddalena. "And now he is to be put into that horrible wet ground, and will eat no more."

"There is so much the more left for us to eat," replied Zanze, sagely. "He enjoyed while he lived. Let us do the same. Besides, the dead are not in the ground, but in purgatory, where they are warm and dry. I don't pity them, but I do pity the poor people who have to live on the mainland where they never see the lagoon. They say there are great cities on the mainland, almost as large as Venice. I know a woman who has been to Milan. She says it is very large, but there is not a canal in the whole place."

"I should like to go there," said Maddalena, softly. "I have not been happy in Venice, and I should like to leave it."

"Now thou art fretting for Piero," said Zanze. "I did hope he would marry thee, for thou art a good girl, though not very wise. But now that he is a gentleman he must marry a great lady. Think of him no more, Maddalena. At least, not until thou art married to someone else."

The gondola swept under the Bridge of Pity, following the funeral barges, that were taking the shortest way to the cemetery. The band had been silent for a few moments, and now began, though more slowly and softly than usual, the martial air of a hymn.

"Now, that I like," said Zanze, settling herself back contentedly on the cushions. "It is gayer than the music they have just been playing. Piero is very fond of that hymn. He is always singing it when he is alone and thoughtful."

Maddalena brightened under the influence of the music, and, like the people in the other gondolas, seemed to forget that a funeral and not a festa was in progress. She smiled and nodded to familiar acquaintances, and when the gondolier joked with Zanze she laughed joyously. There were no better women in Venice than Maddalena and Zanze, but, like other Venetian women of their class, they had a large tolerance for the coarse humor of the gondoliers.

"Now, if we only had some polenta and a bottle of wine we should be happy," said Zanze. "The dear one on the bier is giving us a beautiful holiday. I should like to know if he is a Venetian or a foreigner."

"Will you go all the way to the cemetery, Zanze?" asked Toni, as the gondola shot from under the Beggars' Bridge into the northern lagoon.

"At the same price, good Toni?" asked the thrifty Zanze.

"Of course," replied the gondolier. "When one invites ladies to a festa he does not trouble them with the expenses. Besides, are there not the two oranges which you have so nobly promised me?"

"One!" cried Zanze, with an affectation of rage. "It was one orange that I promised. Thou wast ever a robber! Is this a time to cheat, when thou art on thy way to the cemetery?'

"Now that I think of it, there was to be only one orange," said Toni. "But, you see, I have no education, and cannot count correctly."

"We will say one orange and a carrot," said the mollified Zanze. "No one shall say that I grind the faces of the poor. But vow slowly, Toni, for this is too much happiness to be hurried through as if it were an early mass, and the priest hungry for his coffee."

Once more the band, in view of its approach to the cemetery, played a funeral air, but the two women no longer felt sad. Zanze laughed and joked with the gondolier, and one or two other gondolas lingered near them to enjoy the dry wit of the old woman and the blithe impudence of Toni.

Maddalena trailed her hand listlessly in the water, and wondered if, in case she should marry and thus become mistress of her own actions, her handsome lover would come back to her.

"Rouse up, child!" cried Zanze. "How many times must I tell you that this is not the funeral of thy brother, or lover, or father. Listen to me. There is a beautiful play to-night. Thou shalt come with me, and if Toni has the money he shall come too. Thou shalt laugh all the evening. Figure to thyself! There is a pig in the show who can read far better than most Christians, and there is a clown who falls into a cauldron of boiling water. I do not mind a little expense on a day like this." And she began to sing in her strident nasal voice a Venetian song.

Just then the barge stopped at the steps of San Michele, and the bearers lifted the corpse and carried it into the church. The band, the firing party, and the friends of the dead man accompanied it, and then the attendant gondolas were permitted to approach the steps, and anyone who desired was allowed to enter the church.

"We will go in," said Zanze. "We have seen the best of it, and I do not like to see a corpse put into the ground, but I would like to look at the poor boy's face. He has no mother here to look at him, and we owe him something for the pleasure he has given us."

Toni drew the gondola up to the steps, and, cap in hand, politely helped the women to land. They entered the gloomy little church, where the corpse had been placed on a bier in the centre of the building, and the priest was reciting the funeral service. The firing party, drawn up behind the bier, were leaning on their muskets, and their soiled and tattered uniforms had little of the splendor and glory of war. Zanze was inclined to laugh at them.

"Look, Maddalena," she whispered. 'See'st thou that tall fellow at the right? He has but one tail to his coat, and he has been sitting down in a kettle of pitch. Ah! my Piero ought to be here! Then you would see a soldier properly beautiful."

Some of the people standing near Zanze looked reprovingly at her for her untimely mirth. "I cannot help it," she continued, speaking partly to Maddalena, and partly for the benefit of those close around her. "I was always of a happy disposition, and we have had such a beautiful day. Let us wait till they carry the corpse into the cemetery, and then we can get a good view of it as it passes the door."

When the service was ended, the bearers took up the body, the soldiers fell in behind it, the officer in charge gave the word of command, and the little procession moved slowly toward the door that leads into the cloister, and thence into the cemetery. Zanze, dragging Maddalena excitedly with her, pushed her through the crowd, and stationed herself by the side of the door.

"Here he comes," she whispered, loudly. "I will blow a kiss to the dead as he passes. Now can we see him. My God!"

The old woman's cry rang through the church. She fell heavily on the pavement. Maddalena did not try to catch her. For Maddalena, too, had seen the face of the dead man, and a black mist was over her eyes. It was the face of Piero!

MEALS IN PERSIA.—When the Persian host thinks that the entertainment has lasted long enough, he gives the signal for supper, which is served either in the same or another room. A cloth is laid on the floor, around which are arranged the long, flat cakes of "pibble bread," which do double duty as food and plates. The meats, consisting for the most part of "pilaus" and "chilawa" of different sorts, are placed in the centre, together with bowls of sherbet, each of which is supplied with a delicately carved wooden spoon, with deep, boat shaped bowl, whereof the sides slope down to form a sort of keel at the bottom.

The guests squat down on their knees and heels round the cloth, the host placing him whom he desires most to honor on his right side at the upper end of the room (that is, opposite the door). At the lower end the musicians and minstrels take their places, and all, without further delay, commence an attack on the viands.

The consumption of food progresses rapidly, with but little conversation, for it is not usual in Persia to linger over meals, or to prolong them by talk, which is better conducted while the mouth is not otherwise employed.

If the host wishes to pay special honor to the guest, he picks out and places in his mouth some particularly delicate morsel. In about a quarter of an hour from the commencement of the banquet most of the guests have finished and washed their hands by pouring water over them from a metal ewer into a plate of the same material, brought round by the servants for that purpose.

They then rinse out their mouths, roll down their sleeves again, partake of a final pipe, and, unless they mean to stay for the night, depart homeward, either on foot or on horseback, preceded by a servant bearing a lantern.

A MARITAL LESSON.—"Why is it," asked a lady acquaintance of ours one day, "that so many men seem anxious to get rid of their wives?" "Because," said we, "so few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensable to the happiness of husbands!" And this is seriously true.

When husband and wife have become thoroughly accustomed to each other—when all the little battery of charms which both played off so skillfully before the wedding day has been exhausted—too many seem to think that nothing remains but the clanking of the legal chains which bind them to each other.

The wife seeks to develop in her love no new attraction for her husband; and the latter, perceiving the slip, begins to brood over an uncongeniality which does not exist, and to magnify the ills that do exist into insurpassable obstacles in the way of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret.

The woman who charmed before marriage can charm afterward, if she will, though not of course by the same means. There are a thousand ways, if she will only study them out, in which she can make home so attractive that her husband will unconsciously dislike to absent himself from it, and so she can readily make herself the particular deity of the domestic paradise. This done, she may quietly laugh at all attempts to alienate her husband's inclinations; and with those inclinations will always go, in such cases, his active judgment.

THE Caffres of Natal spend large sums upon their war dress—which is composed principally of bird tails—giving sometimes five dollars for a crane's tail feather, of which some wear three, and a quarter apiece for the black tail feathers of finches, which they wear by scores. They catch the finches thus: a Caffre sits for hours on a hill and watches the twig on which the bird sits. It always returns to the same twig, and when he is satisfied which it is he applies his bird-lime, which is made from the mistletoe, or a plant of like character.

DURING THE COMING YEAR

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

WILL BE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, AND THIS IT WILL CELEBRATE

By eclipsing all its former efforts. It will strive for two things: to make women happy in their homes and to help them in their lives. There will be a new, strong vitality in the magazine: new facilities will make new things possible. IN 1898 SUBSCRIBERS WILL SHARE IN THE JOURNAL'S BEST YEAR.

The most popular feature ever secured by the JOURNAL will consist of

The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife

As she writes them to her sister at home. They are the actual social experiences of a prominent Cabinet member's wife. For this reason the authorship will be withheld.

The most intimate peeps behind the curtain of high official and social life in Washington, written by one woman to another,—the wife of a Cabinet member to her favorite sister at home. Prominent in society, and a close friend of the President's wife, the President and the highest officials in the land, with the most brilliant women in Washington social life, figure familiarly in the scenes.

Through the "experiences" runs the strange romance of a beautiful Washington girl and a Lieutenant of the Army, into whose lives come the intrigues of one of the dangerously clever and beautiful women who infest the social life of the Capital. It will prove the most fascinating recital of politics, love, and the intrigues of high social and official life ever given publicity.

Ian Maclaren Will Write a Series of Articles

No writer of recent times has so endeared himself to thousands of people through his pen as has "Ian Maclaren," and in these "talks" on matters very close to the interests of every man and woman he will win even a stronger place in their affections.

The JOURNAL will have more stories during 1898 than in any previous year. There will be

Fully Thirty Bright, Live Stories During 1898

There will be two numbers entirely made up of stories.

The January issue will be made

A Midwinter Fiction Number

And the August issue, as heretofore,

A Midsummer Fiction Number

There will be stories, of course, in each number of the JOURNAL, but a larger proportion of them in these two issues.

Among the wealth of stories will be

Mark Twain's New Humorous Story
A Ghost Story by Marion Crawford
The First Story by Clara Morris
Mrs. Rollins' Quaint "Philippa" Stories
Several Stories by Mrs. Whitney

Following these will appear stories by

John Kendrick Bangs, Will N. Harben, Jeannette H. Walworth, Sophie Swett, and others

Hamlin Garland's New Novelette, "The Doctor"

The Romance of a Man Born to be "a Friend of All Women and a Lover of None"

A strong romance of a prosperous doctor, who believes himself born to be "a friend of all women and a lover of none." Two beautiful girls become his patients: one a girl of the slums; the other the daughter of a well-to-do home. The emotions awakened by each girl form the strong groundwork of a man's battle between feelings of an undecided love and a yearning tenderness. Mr. William T. Smedley illustrates this story.

Two Romantic Episodes of Royal Exiles in America

Are told in two peculiarly fascinating articles:

When Louis Philippe Taught School in Philadelphia

By Camillus Phillips

The tale is told of how the future King of France played pedagogue in America's Capital to earn his living, and gives the famous answer of the magnate of American finance, Thomas Willing, when the Royal teacher sought his daughter's hand.

When the King of Spain Lived on the Barks of the Schuylkill

By William Perrine

A fascinating story is this, when the great Napoleon's brother escaped to America, hoping that Napoleon himself would escape from St. Helena and join him. It is a picture of the life of a King and his two beautiful Princesses in our own land.

Ex-President Harrison on The Flag in the Home

It was General Harrison's idea that the stars and stripes should float over every schoolhouse in America. Now, in a stirring article, he carries the idea farther, and shows why the flag should find a place over every fireside in our country.

John Philip Sousa, "The Great March King"

Whose soul-stirring marches every one knows, has composed a waltz for the JOURNAL, which he calls

The Lady of the White House

The complete composition will be published in an early copy of the JOURNAL.

In Needlework it Will Greatly Excel

Over any other year. With new arrangements, specially perfected, it will, in every issue, give one or more pages to the Newest Practical Embroidery, Knitting, Crocheting, Tatting, Drawn-Work, Patchwork—giving fresh ideas in every branch of Needlework.

Fanny Crosby, "The Blind Singer"

Whose beautiful hymns, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Rescue the Perishing," have made her name beloved in thousands of households, has written a new hymn and a new song for the JOURNAL.

The Most Remarkable Sunday-School in the World

Is in America, the inception and work of one man, who to-day maintains it, now authoritatively described for the first time.

Mrs. Abbott's Peaceful Valley

Already so well received as showing the practical possibilities of happy village life, will run through several of the issues during 1898.

Mrs. Bottome's Popular Talks

Will continue through the year. A new departure will be Mrs. Bottome's ideas for "New Lines of Work for the Circles."

There will be a delightful series, the first article of which will present

The Anecdotal Side of Mrs. Cleveland

The closest friends of Mrs. Cleveland have here combined to tell the brightest anecdotes of her tact and grace—stories and anecdotes which have never been told, and which show her as no sketch nor biography could possibly portray her. One sees Mrs. Cleveland in these pithy little stories with delightful unreserve. Following the article on Mrs. Cleveland will be presented

The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain

In stories of his dry humor, and personal anecdotes which he has told to his intimate friends, heretofore not printed. A laugh is on every line.

The Anecdotal Side of Edison

Presenting stories of the wonderful wizard's strange life: his singular absent-mindedness: his forgetfulness of day or night or family.

The Anecdotal Side of the President

Those who know President McKinley best tell these stories in this article: stories which bring out his strong personality, and show the gentle side of his character which Mrs. McKinley knows so well. Each story is new.

Lilian Bell's Sparkling Letters From Europe

Commenced in the last October JOURNAL, will continue through several issues during 1898. Every line of these letters sparkles with Miss Bell's bright wit and clever piquancy. Miss Bell's letter from Paris, in the January JOURNAL, describes, with remarkable dash, French life as she sees it for the first time. Paris passes before one as if in a vitascope.

The Romantic Flavor of Life in Old New York

IN TWO FASCINATING ARTICLES, BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

When Fashion Graced the Bowery

—when the famous New York street was a fashionable driveway, the centre of gayety and wealth, and a roadway of stately homesteads and farms.

With Washington in the Minuet

Will picture our first President in the graceful minuet with the Colonial maids and belles at the great Washington ball in New York City.

The Personal Side of Richard Wagner

SHOWING THE MAN BEHIND HIS WORK WITH TELLING FIDELITY

By Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Wagner's intimate friend, and who writes at the request and with the approval of Madame Wagner.

How his operas came into life: twenty-five years it took to write "Parsifal"; twenty-two years for "The Meistersinger." He finished "Lohengrin" in 1847, yet never heard the opera himself until fourteen years later. How and when he composed his great operas, his working hours, his dress, personal habits, religious views, business qualities, and domestic side.

Mrs. Rorer Will Begin Two New Series During 1898

She will open the year with a series of

New Cooking Lessons

Taking up branches of cooking entirely different from her series in the JOURNAL during 1897.
Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent.
Breakfast Fruits and Cereals.
The Proper Cooking for the Nursery.
Thirty Soups Without Meat.
Forty Ways of Cooking Apples.
New Uses for the Chafing-Dish.
Forty Kinds of Sandwiches.
Twenty-five Simple Desserts for Every Stomach.

Mrs. Rorer will also begin a new series:

Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons

Do We Eat Too Much Meat?
What to Eat and Not Have Indigestion.
When Unexpected Company Surprises You.
The Best Food for a Growing Boy.
Light Refreshments for Evening Companies.
Fruits as Foods and Fruits as Poisons.
The Right Food for Different Men.
Food for Bloodless Girls.
The Table for Stout and Thin Women.
School Luncheons for Children.

Mrs. Rorer Writes for No Magazine but the JOURNAL

The JOURNAL'S Moderate-Cost Homes

Designed by its Own Architect

Some New City and Country Houses for $1000, $1200 and $1500

Giving "Three Model $1000 Houses," "A $1200 City Brick House" and "An 8-Room $1500 House," after which will come "Three Model Small Churches"—one for $800, one for $2000, and one for $3000.

Also: "A Model Farmhouse With Barn and Outbuildings," and a remarkably practical article, showing how the plainest house can be made picturesque by remodeling the front door and a single window.

"The Most Successful Thing Ever Done by the JOURNAL"

Inside of a Hundred Homes

The one hundred views will be given in six issues. They show how the most tasteful homes in America are furnished, and how much farther taste will go than money. Hundreds of new ideas are presented.

The Social Side of the Home

Will be treated in an unusually complete series of articles.

How Entertaining on a Small Income

Can be done will be told in a special article.

Light Refreshments for Evening Companies

Will be described by Mrs. S. T. Rorer in a full-page article.

Novel Masquerade Parties for Children

Will be described, with attractive costumes.

Entertaining Children on Sunday Afternoon

Will give ideas to many a perplexed parent.

Then will be given "Home Parties for Children"; "St. Valentine's Night Frolics"; "Literary and Musical Evenings"; "Porch and Garden Parties," and "The Newest Church Socables."

The Dainty Pixie and Elaine Stories

WILL CONTINUE THROUGH SEVERAL NUMBERS

To delight the children. No sweeter nor more wholesome stories have ever been told for children.

Beautifully Illustrated Articles

Will be a feature during the year, and treat of

A Charming American Avenue

A beautiful avenue, nestled away in the heart of New York State.

A Wonderful Little World of People

The life, customs and beliefs of the largest Shaker community in America.

A Race Which Lives in Mountain Coves

A strange people who live in the coves of the Tennessee mountains.

The Yearly Rose Upon the Altar

The beautiful custom of a community in the heart of Pennsylvania.

Easter in a Colored Convent

The beautiful ritual at Easter dawn in a colored convent.

The Flower Fêtes of California

The most striking pictures ever shown of these superb fêtes.

Fashionable Siberia

Correcting the popular impression that Siberia is only a land of cold, hardship and hunger.

THE PRICE REMAINS: ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR